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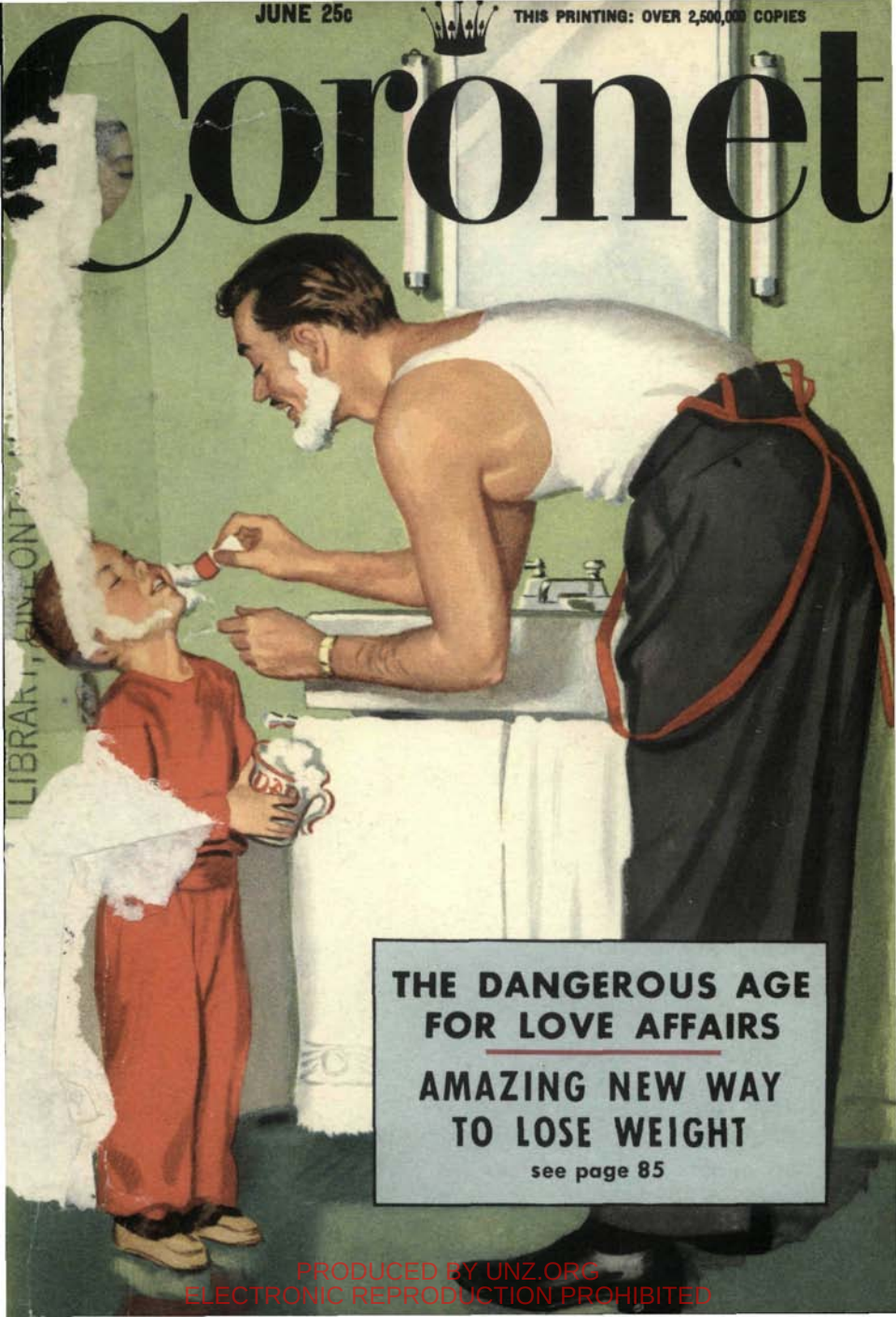

THE DANGEROUS AGE FOR LOVE AFFAIRS

AMAZING NEW WAY TO LOSE WEIGHT

see page 85

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Maggi McNellis says: color your hair at home in a few minutes with

Tintair!

"Take *your* fashion cue from screen stars, cover girls, society leaders, fashion editors, smart women everywhere. Do as they do—COLOR YOUR HAIR WITH TINTAIR!"

Maggi McNellis

One of America's Ten Best Dressed Women

Only Tintair has "VEGETABLE CATALYST D"

Now, you can have the lovely, glowing hair color you've always wanted! And you can do it at home—in next to no time—with Tintair! It's so *easy*—so *fast!* Just brush it on—that's the *right* way to get that even, natural look! There's *no* shampooing first, *no* pre-bleaching!

And just wait till you see the results! Your hair will look so soft and highlighted—youthful and *natural!* You'll hardly believe your eyes!

Remember—*only* Tintair has "VEGETABLE CATALYST D"—that automatically turns off the coloring action 15 minutes after you finish applying Tintair. 12 fashionable, lasting colors at your cosmetic counter. Buy Tintair today!

Tintair is like the most expensive 5th Avenue professional treatment costing up to $25—yet you do it yourself, at home, for only $2

Tintair HOME HAIR COLORING

JUST BRUSH IT ON!

Nature Isn't Always Right—But Tintair Is!

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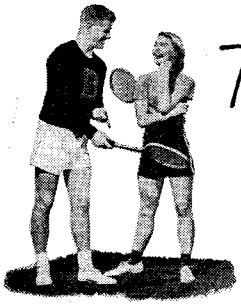
For a smile that's Sparkling bright . . . the answer is ***IPANA!***



The answer is Ipana

for cleaner, healthier teeth!

Nothing like a sparkling bright smile, a sparkling fresh mouth, to give you a confident lift! So start with Ipana—to get teeth cleaner, spark up your smile—help prevent tooth decay. You'll love Ipana's sparkling taste, too. Get Ipana for your Smile of Beauty!

For a mouth that's Sparkling fresh . . . the answer is ***IPANA!***

Remember—to reduce tooth decay—no other tooth paste (ammoniated or regular) has been proved more effective than Ipana!

For really cleansing teeth and mouth, the answer is ***IPANA!***

A Product of Bristol-Myers

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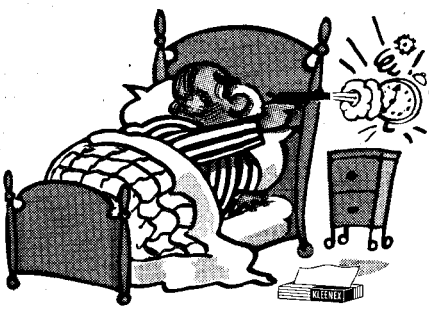
Timely Tips by Little Lulu

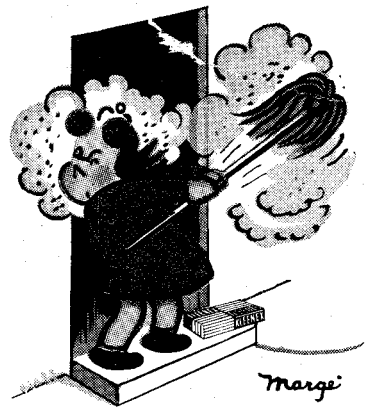
HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?

What's best for quieting a noisy clock?

☐ *A hammer* ☐ *Shoot the works*
☐ *A glass bowl* ☐ *Wear earmuffs*

If that loud "tick-tock" annoys you—cover clock with large glass bowl. And save sleep, temper, by keeping Kleenex at your bedside. No need to turn the light on for a *Kleenex* tissue. That fumble-proof box serves *one at a time*—(not a handful!). Next one pops up!





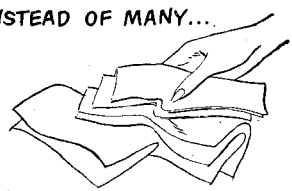
What's a "saving" way to clean dust mops?

☐ *Shaking* ☐ *Vacuuming*

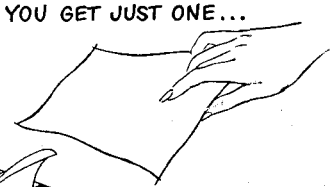
No dusty "map"—when you de-dust the mop via vacuum cleaner! It's a face saver. Like Kleenex tissues. See how *gently* soft, absorbent Kleenex lures die-hard makeup from delicate complexions. So strong, yet a special process keeps this tissue *extra soft.*

Kleenex* ends waste - saves money...

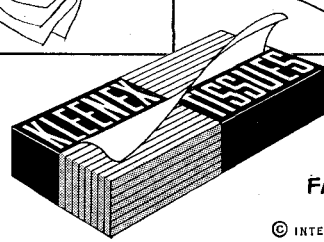
1. INSTEAD OF MANY...



2. YOU GET JUST ONE...



3. AND SAVE WITH KLEENEX



AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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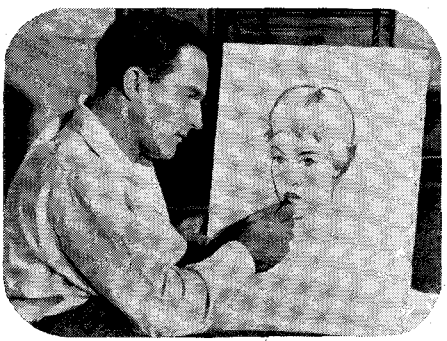
Coronet *Recommends . . .*

"FIVE"

THE A-BOMBS have fallen. Radioactive dust has choked the life from those who escaped the blasts. In all the world, only five bewildered human beings remain to pick up the pitiful fragments of civilization. This is the sometimes terrifying, always gripping premise with which this Arch Oboler-Columbia thriller opens. Its theme, in microcosm, is the story of the world's destruction, but its resolution holds out hope for the future of mankind.



"AN AMERICAN IN PARIS"

AROUND the incomparable music of George Gershwin, the acting and dancing charm of Gene Kelly, and the piano and wit of Oscar Levant, M-G-M has fashioned a musical of infinite warmth. Almost totally "happy," it tells of an ex-GI who falls in love with Paris when the war ends and decides to remain. Only the faintest complications of plot are required to tie together the long sequences of brilliant song and spectacular dance.

"ACE IN THE HOLE"

ONCE A TOP-NOTCH reporter, Chuck Tatum is working in New Mexico for $50 a week. When he discovers a curio seller trapped in an old Indian cave, he feels that he has found the story that will put him back on top. Only when his ruthless ambition kills the trapped man does Tatum come to his senses —but too late. A superlative performance by Kirk Douglas makes this new Paramount picture a worthy successor to *Sunset Boulevard.*

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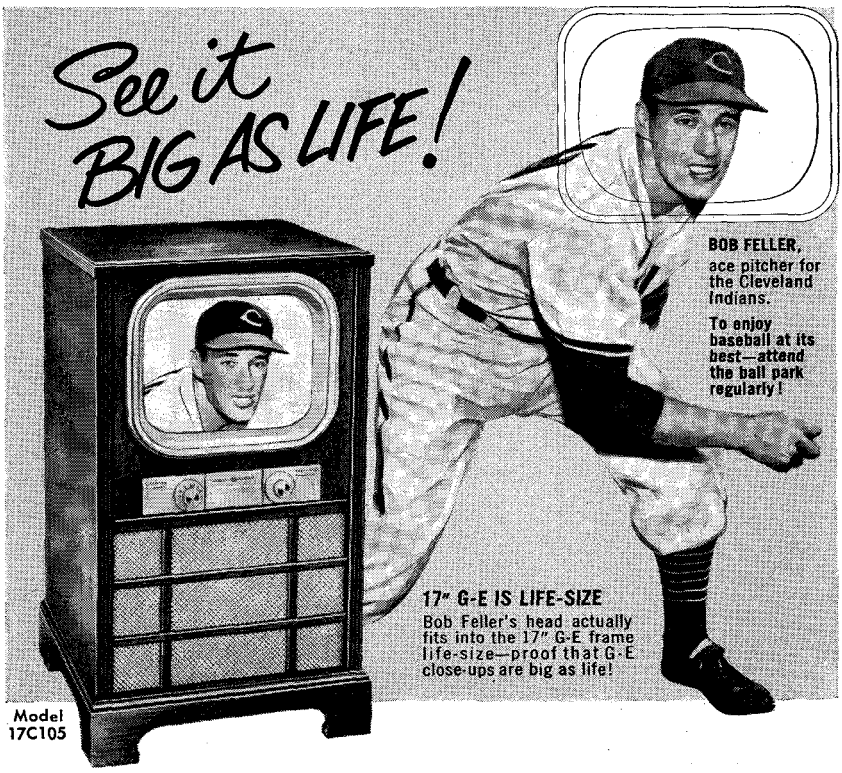
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A Universal Gift

THIS LOVELY Burma girl is about to become a bride. Her hair is coiled in the timeless manner of her people. She cradles exotic blossoms of the East. But the serenity in her eyes is universal—love's gift to young brides everywhere.

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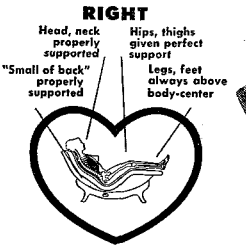
THE CONTOUR CHAIR-LOUNGE


RIGHT
Head, neck properly supported
Hips, thighs given perfect support
"Small of back" properly supported
Legs, feet always above body-center
WRONG
No proper support for head, neck
Weight-pressure on hips, thighs
"Small of back" lacks correct support
Legs and feet lower than body-center

The genuine bears these two emblems

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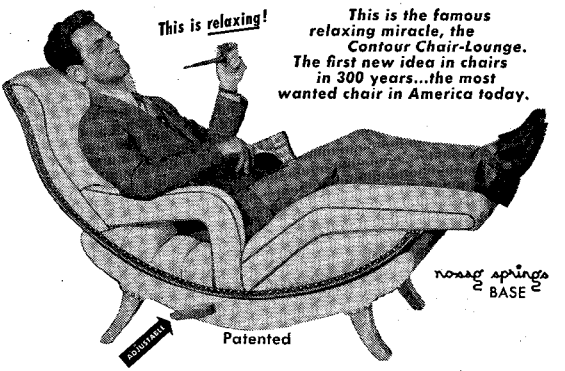
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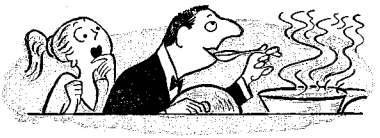
SOUP'S ON!

IT IS REGRETTABLE that more men cannot have top-flight onion soup served to them more often. For some inexplicable reason, the ladies seem peculiarly loath to make onion soup because of the pungent, penetrating aroma that accompanies it. But this culinary fragrance has a unique quality.

Fry half a dozen onions in butter or margarine until they are golden brown, but not so long that the edges begin to shrivel and dry. Add onions to a quart and a half of honest beef broth. Toss in a dite of pepper and salt, and a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Now let the whole thing simmer for half an hour, very slowly.

Onion soup should be made in the forenoon so that it has plenty of time to cool and amalgamate the flavor into one harmonious whole.



WHEN CORN CHOWDER is made correctly, it is one of the best dishes yet invented. Unfortunately, some cooks make it so thin and watery that a man wonders what he has for grub when he brings his jaws together; others toss in everything left over in the icebox, and the result is impossible to define.

The first secret is to use plenty of salt pork—pork with strips of lean in it. For four persons, use a two-inch cube cut into small pieces. Fry this out, then fry three medium-sized onions in the fat. Be sure to cook the onions until they're nice and brown; this adds a definite tang.

Cook three or four potatoes for ten minutes in boiling water. Then put the pork pieces, most of the fat, cut-up potatoes, and onions in a kettle. Add a smidgen of pepper and a whiffle of salt, four cups of rich creamy milk, and two cans of cream-style corn. Heat *very slowly*.

After the chowder is piping hot, set it aside to cool. It is the reheating just before mealtime that brings out the mouth-watering, fragrant flavor. Use plenty of common crackers crumbled into the chowder.

A couple of bowlfuls of this, a wedge of juicy apple pie, and a cup of authoritative coffee give a man courage once more to plan for the future.

IT IS DIFFICULT, perhaps, for some men whose wives are good cooks to realize that there is such a thing as poor beef stew. In the first place, a top-flight stew is a two-day proposition. No stew should be consumed the day it is concocted. It needs to ripen 24 hours in the icebox, and to blend its flavors.

Most cooks use too few onions in stew; and too few put in some thyme for that indescribable flavor that distinguishes a real stew.

Cook the carrots, turnips, and onions with the beef the first day; don't cook the potatoes until the second. Never use cabbage in a beef stew! And along with the white potatoes, be sure to add a few chunks of sweet potatoes. It is a delectable combination that does something for the flavor. —*Wall Street Journal*

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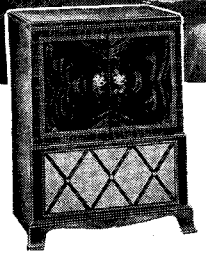
Better looking in every way!

New RCA Victor 17-inch Fairfield

Million Proof—proven in over 2 million homes



RCA Victor Fairfield
Million Proof 17-inch console. Has built-in antenna, a phono-jack for 45 rpm record changer. Mahogany, walnut, limed oak finish. Model 7T122, $389.50.

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FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC
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RCA VICTOR

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

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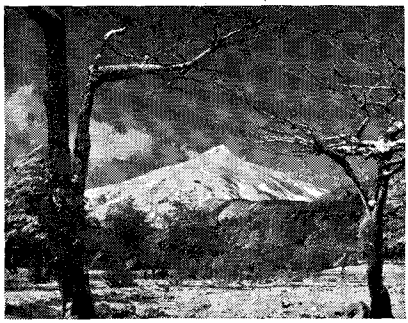
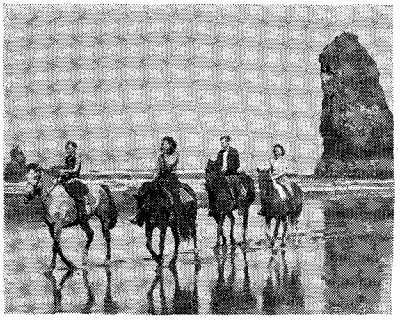
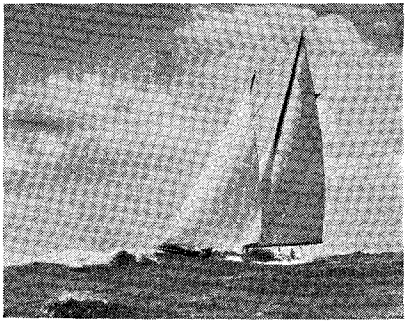
GOING AWAY IN *June?*



Chile: Months after the last American ski center has closed, it's ski-time under benign Chilean skies. In mountain settings of tumbling waterfalls and fragrant firs, thousands of feet in the air, the Andes are dotted with slopes for beginners and experts, many of them only a few hours' drive from sun-warmed beaches and ocean bathing.



Oregon: The century-old cry, "On to Oregon," still promises adventure in the majestic Northwest: towering Mt. Hood for mountain-climbers; spectacular beaches for swimming or riding; the White Water country for fishing. And each June, Portland—City of Roses—stages a pageant of flowers, floats, and the dazzling Rose Queen coronation.



Rhode Island: Newport in June means boating races. That's what Rhode Islanders talk about, and that's what visitors come to see. Once the sleek sailing craft embark on their dash to Annapolis, you'll be tempted to try your own hand at the sheets and tiller; and be you old salt or rank landlubber, you'll find few finer sailing facilities anywhere.

Sweden: Clothed in the soft splendor of the midnight sun, Swedish Lapland becomes a forest- and mountain-covered fairyland. A few air-line hours to the south lies Drottningholm, city of tranquil grace, and Stockholm, a unique blend of old and new, and the place to begin a three-day cross-country Odyssey through the ancient Gota Canal.

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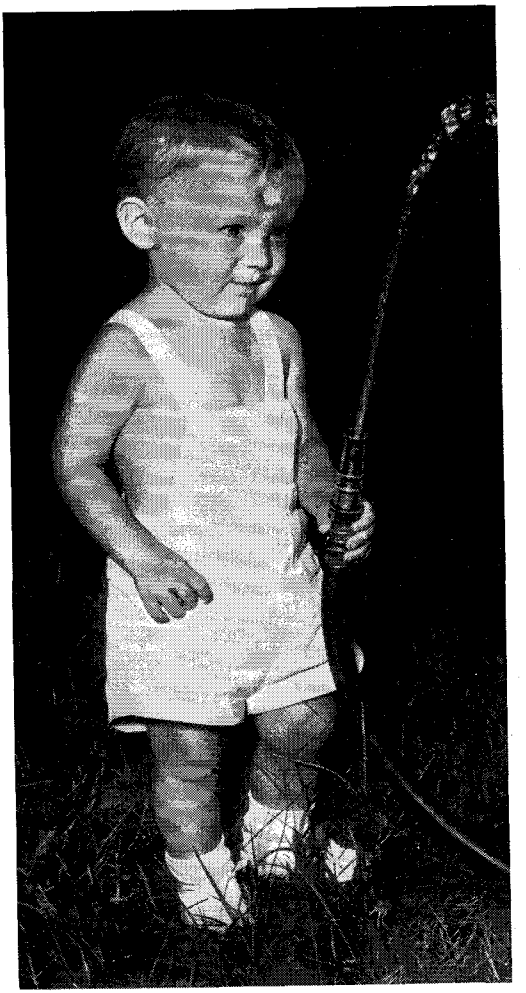

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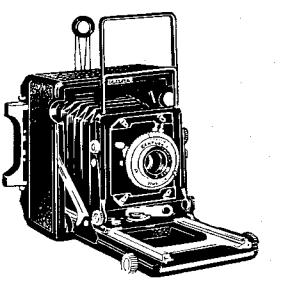

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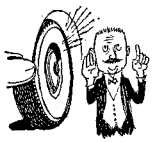
Household Disinfectant: Laboratory tests have shown a new, concentrated household disinfectant to be effective against many types of bacteria, mildew, and athlete's foot. The usual solution is one ounce to a gallon of water; but not even the concentrated liquid is harmful to the skin. Because the disinfectant has no unpleasant smell, it has also been adopted for use in hospitals and nursing homes.

Double-duty Oven: Latest news for the kitchen is an oven which permits the housewife to cook different foods at different temperatures at the same time. The large single oven can be converted into two separate ones with the help of a movable unit. The top section has two heating units for broiling, baking, or roasting. The bottom section has a single compartment, best suited for baking or roasting. Separate controls make it possible to broil a steak in one part while a cake bakes in another.

Spot-repellent Clothes: Drop coffee, tomato juice, washable ink, or soft drinks on a fabric treated by an amazing new process and the liquid wipes off with a damp cloth, leaving no stain. To make this possible, cotton, wool, or non-acetate rayon is impregnated with a resin which keeps water-soluble substances from penetrating. The resin, however, doesn't change the "feel" and appearance or reduce the softness of the cloth. Now being used on women's skirts, the process will be applied to tablecloths, men's ties, dresses, and children's clothes. Although repeated washings or dry cleanings will destroy the repellent qualities, four or five cleanings will not affect the finish of the fabric. And, of course, the need for washing and cleaning will be greatly reduced.

Eyeglass Innovation: For people who like to read in bed, an ingenious Frenchman has devised prismatic eyeglasses. With them, you can lie flat on your back, keep the book comfortably on your chest, and read perfectly without lifting your head. A boon to invalids, the glasses are now available in this country.



Flat-tire Warning: A little gadget attached to the tire valves will whistle a loud warning when the pressure gets low enough to be dangerous. As simple to install as an ordinary valve cap, it can be adjusted to react to specific pressures, and saves tires and lives by announcing a leak in time.

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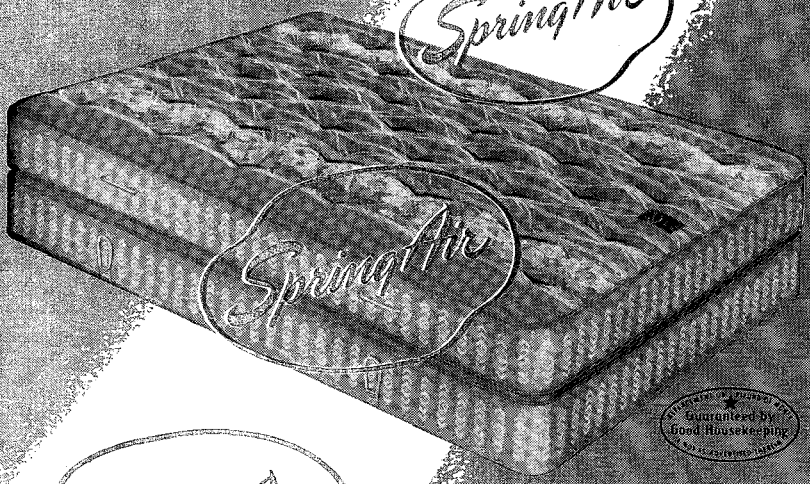

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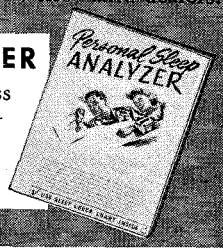

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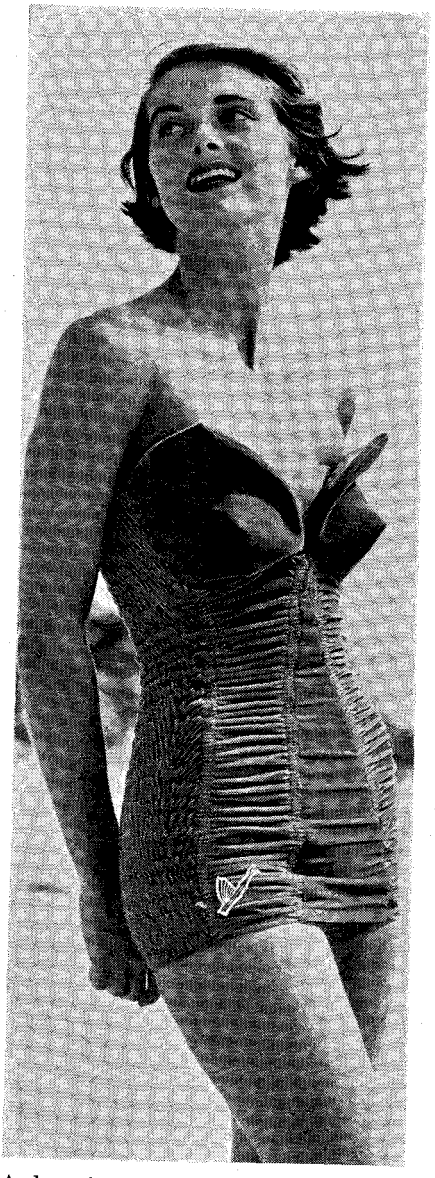
Fashion Forecast



As luxurious as a formal gown, this elasticized nylon velvet swim suit displays good form both in and out of the water.

This two-piece suit with its gladiola print can be covered demurely by a Mexican-inspired poncho made of terry cloth.

Nautical flags signal fair weather on these matching suits. Towel and shirt repeat the red, white, and blue pattern.

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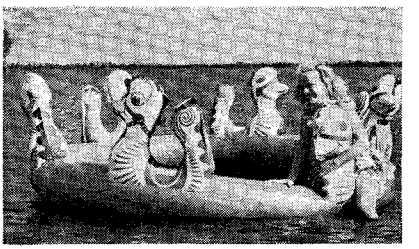
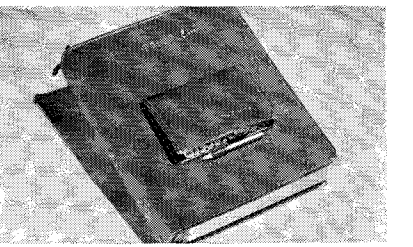
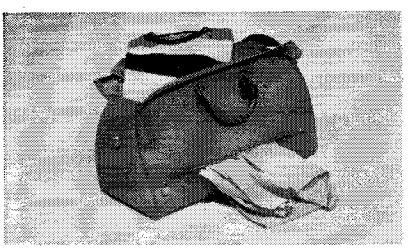
Coronet's Family Shopper



INFLATABLE horses on a Vinylite floating ring make a water-going carousel. Designed to hold six, it's propelled by foot paddling. $30. Gateway Sporting Gds., 1321 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.

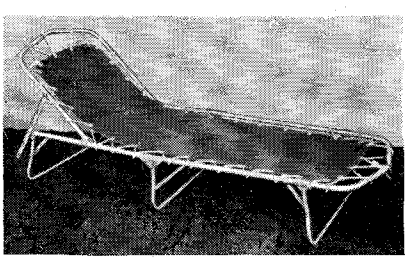


THIS PERSONALIZED phone-book cover and index makes an unusual gift. Print name, give book size. Tan, blue, green, red leatherette. $2.49. Ad-Tel Specialty, 223 Irving Ave., Brooklyn 27.

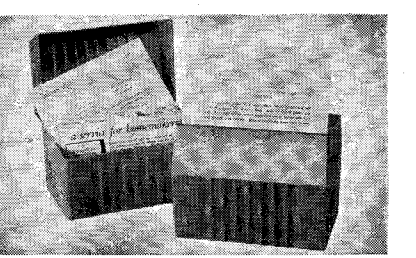


CLOTHES FIT into this sturdy nylon traveling bag through the wide-opening top. Put laundry or shoes in the zippered compartment. $17.95*. The J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit, Mich.

TELL TIME in major cities around the world with this amazing watch, after setting the extra hand for the city in which you are now located. "Polygraf." $71.50. Tiffany's, New York City 22.



TAN OR JUST RELAX on this lightweight canvas-and-aluminum cot. Folds for storage or carrying, is adjustable to four positions. $29.50*. Beaumond Dist., 133 Lexington Ave., New York City 16.



A RECIPE BOOK in a box has room for adding your own food favorites. The plasticized cards stand in a slot for easy reading. $2.00. Unique Arts, Box 4, Kensington Station, Brooklyn 18.

Merchandise shown on these pages may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Editorial prices (subject to change) are complete except those starred (*) which are shipped F.O.B.

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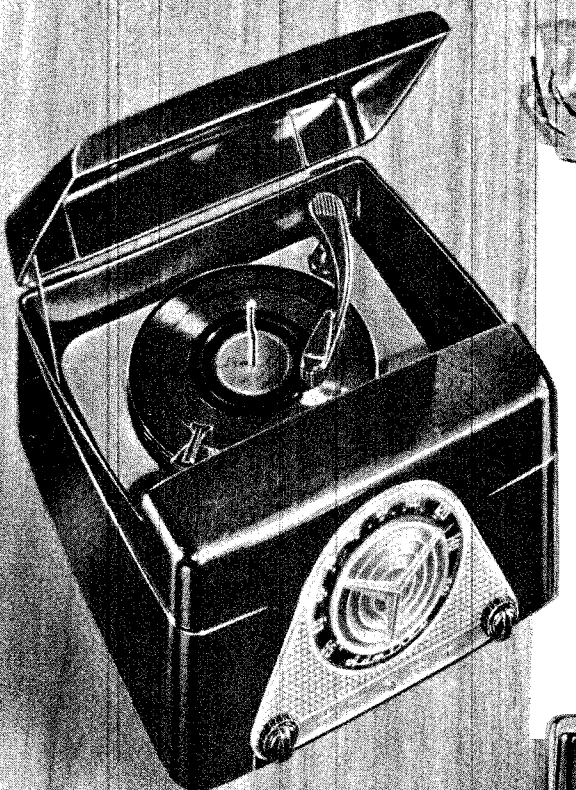
LOOK! LISTEN! AND YOU'LL LOVE 'EM!

Admiral

AMERICA'S SMART SET



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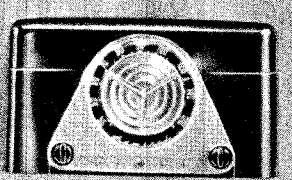

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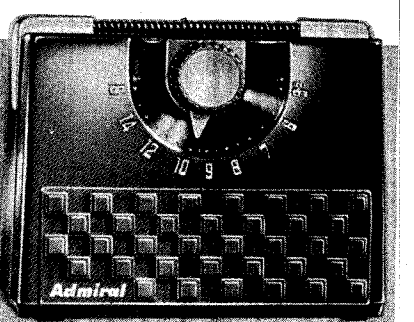

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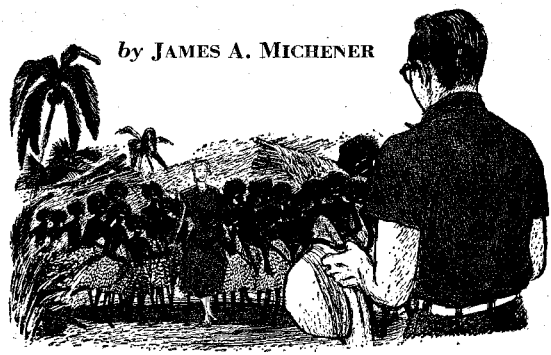
Vol. 30, No. 2 Coronet June, 1951
The Best in Entertaining and Constructive Family Reading

The Perfect Teacher

by JAMES A. MICHENER



IT SEEMS MANY YEARS since I was a student at St. Andrews University in Scotland. But I can still see the magnificent gray cathedral city. Each day for two years I walked past rich St. Leonard's School for Girls. It nestled beside the ruins of the cathedral, a haven for wealthy students. But many of the girls were pretty, and I often lingered by the gates to watch them. In time I detected a young mistress—of Latin, I discovered later—who apparently had noticed me as well.

From then on I haunted James Whyte's bookshop across from the school. And sure enough, one morning this charming teacher came in to buy a book. By forcing myself on Mr. Whyte, I managed to gain an introduction. Then I clung to the pretty teacher until she had to acknowledge my presence. Finally she invited me to come to tea at St. Leonard's.

It was ghastly. For an American it was especially bad. The entire faculty sat about in stuffy poses. And the girls were stuffier still. I finally made a typical American comment on such stilted manners, and the tea practically froze in the cups. The faculty glared at me and let me know that this was my last visit to St. Leonard's. For my part,

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I left no doubt about my being glad to leave so unrealistic a place.

In the years that followed, I became a lecturer on education and frequently described the school as a perfect example of a type completely unsuited to the needs of the modern world. Then World War II came, and for a while I was stationed on a most dismal island south of Guadalcanal. Since the Japs had by then been well-defeated in that area, I was given odd jobs to do for the Navy. Among these was one to visit an island even more dismal than my own. I was directed to find the native men who had rescued our fliers in the early days of the war. I was to take them small gifts in token of America's gratitude.

A French planter took me to the island in his small boat. He could not imagine how any native islanders had helped us to win the war. But he did agree to put into various bays until I found them.

We coasted along the forbidding island for two days. At night we lay off the fever-ridden shore and listened to soft jungle sounds. Early on the third day we went ashore and searched for what we understood was a mission. We walked through dense jungle for about an hour and came finally upon a clearing.

An astonishing sight greeted us. Seventy black Melanesian girls from the age of 10 to 18 ran out to meet us. They were dressed only in red and white gingham kilts. They laughed melodiously and made fun of us as we approached what looked to be a school.

It had been chopped out of the jungle. Almost miraculously, five strong buildings had been made from bamboo poles. An areaway had been stamped flat, and the place was as clean as human energy could make it.

To the south lay an immense cornfield. To the west a banana plantation, painstakingly weeded. Wherever I looked I saw the hand of a splendid farmer, one who loved the jungle soil and made it flourish.

AT THIS POINT the children set up a shout and I waited for the man in charge to appear. Instead, to my surprise there came from one of the buildings a gray-haired white woman of 50. She was as stately as a queen. Nobility spoke in every motion she made.

She was barefooted. Her feet were splayed and hard. She wore a kind of sacking for a dress, tied about the middle with a loose rope. Her hands were rough from heavy work, and her handsome face was weatherbeaten.

"This is Mother Margaret!" cried the girls who could speak English. They stood aside for her, as if they were not her pupils but her disciples, and they looked upon her with a love that few people ever command.

When I told her my mission, she laughed in great echoes of delight and pointed to a girl about 18. "There's your man!" she said.

She laughed again at my confusion. "Yes! That girl saved the Americans. When their planes went down off shore, she paddled out and dragged them into her canoe. One of them was from Texas. He was with us eight days and I can see him now!" She said some words in Motu and little girls crowded about me.

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"Texas? Texas?" they shouted. I shook my head and they seemed disappointed.

And then Mother Margaret told me an almost unbelievable tale. She had been on Tulagi when the Japs invaded. Hidden in the jungle, she watched them destroy her school and its valuable books. Then, by small boat, she had fled southward 600 miles. With her, she had brought two Melanesian girls who could speak English.

Mother Margaret saw that the war would be a long one, so with her two assistants she had come to this dismal island, one of the worst in the South Seas. She went from village to village, collecting the daughters of men whose fathers had been cannibals. She had brought them to this spot upon a hill from which they could see the Japs if they came south.

Alone she directed the girls in clearing the vast acreage now controlled by the school. She taught the islanders how to grow new crops and take care of old ones in new ways. She taught an entire island to grow and eat corn. She introduced fishing. She taught her girls to weave, to build cleaner houses, to devise new plans for sewage disposal, and to practice mosquito control. She worked, even when I knew her, 12 to 14 hours a day, striding over her magnificent farm with strong, bare feet inured to rocks and jungle briars.

And she worked indoors, too, in a way that made any of my own teaching seem terribly empty. For she had fled to this island without a single book except a Bible. Every night she would go to her barren room and write in Motu pages of a textbook for her girls to read.

When I first met Mother Margaret, she had completed 19 books —a set of arithmetics, a science series about jungle life, a music series, readers, and a book of poems. I handled the well-thumbed paper books with care. They were in sets now. As soon as Mother Margaret finished writing a book, each girl who could read made a copy of it and then taught some other child to read and write in turn.

And the books were very good. I had once helped to write such books, and I knew. In amazement I asked, "Mother Margaret, how have you been able to do all this?"

She studied me for a moment and said, "Little children are like magnets. When you see their eager faces waiting for help, you can remember things forgotten years ago. I've sat here at night trying to remember what came next in arithmetic. Or how plants are classified. Then suddenly the faces of these children wrenched the knowledge from me. And I wrote it down."

"I notice you speak with an English accent," I said.

"Have you been in England?"

"In Scotland," I said.

"Indeed? Where?"

I told her of St. Andrews, and

Although James Michener has been a schoolteacher and college professor, it took a novel about his wartime experiences to rocket him to fame. His *Tales of the South Pacific* won the Pulitzer Prize in 1948, and a year later supplied the theme for *South Pacific*, greatest musical in Broadway history. He recently published another book, *Return to Paradise*, based on a second visit to the Pacific islands that made him famous.

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of how I loved that old gray town on the cliffs. All but St. Leonard's with the stuffy mistresses and the girls in black stockings.

She gave me some wine pressed from her own grapes. Inspired by her placid charm, I rambled on about the old days.

"So you had a date with a St. Leonard's mistress!" she chided.

"Do you know the place?" I asked in surprise.

Mother Margaret pressed her hand to her cheek. "I was a first honors at St. Leonard's," she said. "I used to walk along the very road you took. Out to the cliffs. I was a gawky, black-legged girl, too, just as you described."

We went over every street of the ancient city, the ruined castle, the fallen cathedral, and the glorious golf courses. I sensed from the loving way in which she spoke that she feared she might never see those sights again. She picked up four of her books and looked at them intently.

"All that I've written for my girls I've remembered from what I was taught in that stuffy school," she said softly.

I had to look away. Here was teaching that I had never known before. Here was the very essence of all that education stands for: a dedicated human being tearing the lessons from the world's past experience and sharing it with the children—even the black jungle children—of the future. From expensive, conceited St. Leonard's to the worst jungle of the world!

"Mother Margaret!" I asked. "Why did you come out here?"

She looked at me and smiled. "Things happen," she said. In the square outside, the little girls were singing: "The eyes of Texas are upon you."

I was deeply affected by this jungle school. I said, "Mother Margaret, as soon as I get back to Guadalcanal, I'm going to cable for a complete library. You'll have so many beautiful books . . . Well, you won't have room for them all!"

I kept my word. I guess more than 200 of the finest American schoolbooks were dispatched to Mother Margaret in the world's most dismal jungle.

They reached her school after I had returned to the States. When she wrote her letter of thanks, she said, "Your boxes arrived in such perfect condition that I was loath to spoil them. I shipped them on as they were to another island where a new school is opening. They had not a single book, and they will love you for your kindness. My own paper books will last for a little while longer."

For Father's Day

If they'd give poor old Dad track shoes instead of slippers, maybe he could get to the lounging chair first. —*Wall St. Journal*

I'm giving my father something he's wanted for years—his car.
—Robert Q. Lewis

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CAN YOU SEE INTO THE FUTURE?

by NORMAN CARLISLE

The answer may come from the startling psychic experiences of a British engineer

DO HUMAN BEINGS have the power to preview the future—not just a few individuals, but all of us? Are you, without knowing it, constantly getting glimpses of events that have not happened yet, but *which are going to happen?*

If it seems shocking even to ask these questions, imagine the surprise of scientists when one of their fellow savants not only asked them, but answered with a resounding "Yes!" He had found, he said, the incredible secret of crossing the barrier of time!

The thought that it is possible to see into the future is not, of course, a new one. Through the ages, many have believed that at least a few chosen individuals were blessed with the gift of prophecy. But now scientists were confronted with a documented report that for the first time put the possibility of precognition on a scientific basis.

Here were no wild speculations by an irresponsible theorist or a charlatan. For John William Dunne, the man who saw fact where heretofore science had seen only superstition, was the world-famous engineer who designed and built Britain's first military plane.

In the 23 years since the publication of Dunne's findings in *An Experiment with Time*, his astounding book has aroused violent controversy. Psychologists, physicists, and laymen, fascinated by the vistas it opened up, were baffled, disturbed, and excited by it. Some attacked Dunne's theories. Others accepted them eagerly. J. B. Priestley proclaimed it "one of the most important books of the age." But all agreed that Dunne had hit upon something with breath-taking implications.

Probably you have had the uncanny and fleeting feeling, while engaged in a wholly new experience, that you were doing something you had done before. Psychologists have advanced various

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explanations of this phenomenon. One theory says your mind telescopes time so that you think you have seen, long ago, something you have really perceived just a fraction of a second before, and are now perceiving more fully.

Dunne came up with a more startling explanation. He asserted that the phenomenon is no mere illusion: you have really had the experience before—in a dream! Dunne had been led to this amazing conclusion by his own strange adventures in the world of dreams, extending over many years.

ONE OF THE FIRST dreams that started Dunne on his curious experiment was one in which he saw himself standing on an island mountainside. Columns of smoke and steam were pouring out of fissures in the mountain. The sight brought a horrified exclamation from Dunne: "Good Lord, the whole thing is going to blow up!"

Then the scene shifted to a near-by island, where Dunne was trying to find ships which could carry off the doomed people. He was pleading with Frenchmen, who seemed reluctant to help. Dunne remembered shouting: "Thousands of people will die unless . . ."

Later, newspapers arrived at the remote spot in Africa where Dunne had had the dream. Before his startled eyes blazed the headline:

"VOLCANO DISASTER IN MARTINIQUE
Probable Loss Over 40,000 Lives"

The description of the terrifying explosion of Mont Pelée went on to give details similar to those in the dream.

Now look at the bewildering situation that confronted Dunne. He had dreamed about an unprecedented event of which he could have had no possible knowledge. His picture of the situation had been correct: he had even dreamed correctly that the people involved were French.

Dunne puzzled over this strange occurrence for several years. Then came another dream to give him a flash of insight into the whole weird business and provide the basis for his startling theory about time.

Dunne dreamed he was walking along a path between two fields, around which were high iron railings. Suddenly, in one of the fields, a horse began kicking and rearing furiously. A glance at the railings was reassuring; the animal could not get through them. Yet a few minutes later, as Dunne strolled down the path, he heard the pounding of hoofs and saw the mad horse galloping behind him. In a typical nightmare race he began to run, with the horse close behind.

Next day, the engineer went fishing with his brother. As they were working their way along a stream, Dunne's brother cried, "Look at that horse!"

To his amazement, Dunne looked up to see the scene of his dream. Though it was dissimilar in some minor details, there was the horse, behaving just as violently as had the one in his nocturnal vision.

"That's funny," Dunne said, "I dreamed last night that a horse was chasing me. Anyway, *this* one can't get over those fences."

Yet even while he was talking, his brother shouted a warning. The horse had escaped and was bearing down on them! The two men got

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away, but Dunne was more shaken by the strange forecast than by the actual event.

At last he realized a startling fact about his curious visions. The dreams, in themselves, were not so startling. What was shockingly different was that they occurred *on the wrong nights*!

If he had experienced the dreams about the horse or the Martinique disaster *after* such happenings, the occurrence would have been understandable. Looking back over these and other similar experiences, he concluded: "There was nothing unusual in the dreams. They were merely *displaced in time*."

What did this add up to? Dunne didn't know, but he continued to have strange visions of the future. There was, for instance, the amazing dream of a curious railroad wreck. He saw a spot just north of the Firth of Forth Bridge in Scotland. At first, all he noticed was open grassland, with groups of people walking around. Then suddenly, lying on their sides on this green field, were railroad cars.

Even as he awakened, Dunne was trying to establish the date when this event had occurred—or was to occur. He concluded that it was some time in the spring.

Months later, on April 14, the famous "Flying Scotsman" jumped the tracks near the Firth of Forth Bridge and fell onto the golf links that Dunne had seen in his dream.

It would have been comforting, he thought, to believe that some kind of mediumship or clairvoyance was involved. But instead, he decided "I was suffering, seemingly, from some extraordinary fault in my relation to reality, something so uniquely wrong that it compelled me to perceive, at rare intervals, large blocks of otherwise perfectly normal personal experiences, displaced from their proper position in time."

And now he was struck with a staggering thought. Was there a possibility that what was happening to him also happened to others?

What about the occasion when you get a letter from a long-departed friend and suddenly remember having dreamed about him the night before? What about the cases in which people dream of the deaths of friends or relatives and next day receive confirming news?

Might they not, Dunne asked himself, be part of this same strange phenomenon of precognition that had enabled him to see into the future? If that were true, perhaps all that kept anyone from seeing into the future was a mentally imposed barrier, somehow lifted during sleep. But now he was stopped by a harsh collision with reality. If anybody could see the future, then how could such a capability have escaped detection?

After some thought, he decided the answer was surprisingly obvious. *Most dreams are forgotten almost immediately upon awakening.*

This was the mental starting point for Dunne's amazing series of experiments. Sensing that the big problem was remembering dreams, he kept a pad and pencil under his pillow, and recorded his dreams immediately upon awakening. Quickly he discovered that the method worked.

Later Dunne divided his dreams into three classes: those that did not seem to be based on any ex-

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perience, those clearly based on some *past* experience, and those which, by later observation, proved to have been based on a *future* experience. At the end of a few months, he had obtained some astonishing results.

Meanwhile, Dunne had confided in some friends and suggested that they, too, try his experiment of noting down dreams. They were frankly skeptical, but fascinated enough to try.

The most startling results came from experiments conducted among a group of Oxford students. Each morning they carefully recorded all dreams they could remember, then handed the report to a professor of psychology at the university who sent the unopened reports to the impartial Society for Psychical Research. Afterwards, each student filed a report of his waking experiences which could have some relation to the dreams.

When the results were tabulated, an astonishing fact appeared. The number of dreams about the past were outnumbered by the dreams about the future!

From all this, Dunne developed the remarkable theory, daringly presented in *An Experiment with Time*. But did dreams provide the only manner in which this knowledge of the future could be tapped?

Dunne went to work to find out. He soon discovered that he was able, while wide-awake, to make certain predictions. On occasion, he could pick up a book which he had not read and tell about certain incidents in it. However, he never had the remarkable success with waking prophecies that he did with those witnessed in dreams.

Of course, even the most ardent of those who follow in Dunne's footsteps will agree that the evidence so far is only an exciting hint of tremendous discoveries to come. Is John William Dunne right? Do human beings really have the gift of seeing into the future?

Each step closer to the answer gives the pioneers in this frontier of the mind a growing sense of awe. For here, they believe, they may reach the meeting point between science and theology. May they not find, at last, scientific confirmation of the existence of man's eternal soul?

For Vacationers

ONE OF THE preliminaries to going on a vacation is reading the travel folders and booklets describing hotel accommodations. The unsuspecting tourist will require some interpretation of the terms used:

CONDUCIVE TO COMPLETE RELAXATION. The place is dead.

A CHARMING ATMOSPHERE OF RUSTIC SIMPLICITY. No inside plumbing.

25TH SEASON UNDER SAME OWNER-MANAGEMENT. Haven't been able to sell the place.

BATHING NEAR-BY. The hotel has no swimming pool.

SPACIOUS GROUNDS, 350 ACRES. You've got to walk two miles from your bungalow to the dining hall.

—PAUL STEINER

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The DANGEROUS AGE for Love Affairs

by LOUIS E. BISCH, M.D.

An expert examines the compelling forces behind that hazardous "last fling"

MY PATIENT would have been a comic figure if he hadn't been so desperate. A graying, paunchy, stubby little man, he looked much less the Great Lover than the successful small businessman he was. His panic-filled eyes stripped him of dignity and his hands trembled as he nerved himself to blurt out his problem.

"My neighbors think I'm a decent man," he began. "My family knows otherwise. I've watched my wife's heart breaking. My son—he's only 16—despises me. They've found out about this woman who is making life hell for me. At first she was sweet—everything that's young and enticing and feminine. Now she's turned into a she-devil intent on breaking up my home."

He was on the verge of breakdown. "I've lost my nerve—I can't think. What am I to do?"

To be sure, this man was not the first, nor the last, to discover that "cheating" is perilous business. Nor is it always a man. Women are not immune. Indeed, nobody may feel completely safe should the urge for that Last Fling get out of hand.

Psychiatrists hear many such confessions. Even if families and associates do not learn of a clandestine affair, the participant himself always knows. The suspicion that he is ridiculous, the conviction of sordidness, guilt, and disappointed expectations—any one of these can lead to inner collapse.

What's more, the real tragedy of last flings after 40—this special brand of middle-age madness—is the fact that they can be so deadly to what should be the most serene and bountiful years of one's life.

Woman is more loyal to family ties than man. If that irresistible

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impulse should strike her, it is usually sudden and unexpected. She may be at a cocktail party, at a neighborhood gathering, in the subway—and she sees a man, a man who "does" something to her. Out of nowhere, electrifyingly, comes that exciting *en rapport* feeling.

She may or may not follow it up. But the possibility that it can spring into being is frightfully disturbing to a mature, sensible woman who thinks she put such "silly ideas" behind her years ago.

Let it be emphasized that most of the men and women who are tempted to a misstep in the middle years are the same decent people they have been all the rest of their lives. They simply do not understand the disguised, hidden, often unconscious reasons for "dangerous age" temptations. And the shamed and outraged grown children of the family are even less understanding of a mother or father who is "behaving like a stupid old fool."

I think of a young man whose mother brought him to me because of his wild escapades. Never will I forget the remark he made when he was sure he could trust me. His icy contempt was as bitter punishment as could be inflicted on an erring father. "You can cut out all the stuff about the straight and narrow," he said. "I've heard all that from my father. He rants like a preacher, but he has had a string of women for the past five years. When he starts criticizing me, do you wonder I laugh at him?"

WHAT COMPELS men and women to take the last-fling chances they do, often against their better judgment? What is the nature of the inexorable force that drives them on so relentlessly? The *physical* side must of course be recognized. The change of life—the climacteric—in men as well as women, brings glandular changes just the opposite of those that make adolescence a critical period. Instead of the upsurge of new life forces at puberty, the middle-aged reproductive system is slowing to a stop.

The menopause in women occurs around 45 to 50; its counterpart, the male climacteric, a little later—50 to 60. Intimations of waning vitality often bring a dread feeling that one is no longer a complete man or a complete woman. These sharpen a desire to prove to oneself that the time hasn't arrived yet—*in short, that it really isn't so.*

But nature never is defeated without a last-ditch struggle for survival. As vital forces dwindle, stronger and stronger stimuli are sought to strike the old spark and create a kind of rectifying balance. This is the psychological compensation for physical decline. It motivates the search for continued youth, glamour, variety, and particularly the desire for new and thrilling sexual experiences.

There are, however, distinct differences in the psychological patterns of men and women. As regards men, the last-fling urge is tied in with a need to bolster the ego. Women rarely understand how closely a man's self-confidence is associated with sexual capacity. Flattery of younger women reassures him. He is made to feel that he isn't decrepit, in decline, or finished.

Aggressiveness is another typical male characteristic which, after middle age, may seek new fields to

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conquer. Men between 40 and 50 usually are in their harvest years—the long struggle for success is at last paying off, the tensions are lessening. Now the challenge which brings out the old male urge to dominate isn't a business career, perhaps, but a desirable woman.

Man's innate desire for sexual variety is another factor women rarely comprehend. Then, too, resentment against a wife can lead to all sorts of male rationalizations.

"My wife says I'm getting too old for such things," said one man. "She's indifferent, unresponsive—actually seems to think that she's doing me a favor. These other women may have been gold diggers, but they weren't indifferent. Not by a long shot!"

He looked at me quizzically. "As I look back on it now, I think I was just *lonely*. The children are grown. My wife's wrapped up in their families and her clubs. They don't need me any longer. So I was a sitting target for a pretty woman who warmed to me as an individual, even if it was an act."

In the case of a woman, the last-fling urge rarely springs from powerful ego forces as it does in men. With her, the irresistible desire is to love and be loved. She needs man for completion, but in a different way than man needs woman. Her need is not primarily sexual; indeed, she usually needs rousing in this respect.

Woman craves reassurance, primarily, that she is ageless, eternally alluring. The sad spectacle of a matron trying to dress and act like a glamour girl should evoke sympathy. She is snatching desperately at the trappings of youth.

The "dangerous age" woman thus tends to be embarrassingly susceptible to flattery, suggestion, a smooth "line." An intense desire to be admired is a natural stimulus to coquetry. But emotions with half a lifetime of experience behind them are far different from those of a demure young girl.

For one thing, woman's attitude toward sex mellows as she grows older. In marriage, the ecstasy of romantic love blends into conjugal love. The mystery of the forbidden, that all young people experience, is a mystery no longer. The memory of mystery, however, may be projected to another man—would he be a better lover than the husband who, as one woman of 45 put it, "is so methodical, so unchanging, so predictable in his approach that I could scream!"

Also, women see others of their sex bestowing physical gifts for material rewards, and seemingly getting away with it. Repressed envy is a goad, the sharper because of sex restraints seeking an outlet. Woman craves emotional expression, and the need may be greater when the children have left home and nobody remains but a phlegmatic husband behind his breakfast newspaper.

This brief catalogue by no means lists every urge that may drive men and women to endanger the fruits of a lifetime as they rush out to meet temptation. But it should suffice to explain why the last-fling urge is so common, and why psychiatrists see so many patients who were shocked awake amidst the rubble of their lives—most of them confessing bitterly that they "should have known better."

Is it possible for a person in

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whom the last-fling urge is powerful to check it and keep out of trouble? The answer is an unqualified yes.

First of all, do not consider yourself an exception to the tendency to philander. Expect it. Be on the lookout for it, man or woman, as early as the thirties. Realize—and this is important—that the urge toward a fling is not a sign of moral weakness or contemptible depravity. On the contrary, it actually testifies to a vital, strong, highly charged and normal state of being.

The draining off of physical energies into tension-relieving activities is an urge-distractor of prime importance. Give up the moping-chair for exercise, meet new people, court distractions that require a response. The piano lessons you always wanted to take, great books, painting, or building or making things by hand and heart—all these are superb ventilators.

One man of 50, whose backfiring woman-trouble brought him to the verge of breakdown, followed my suggestion to concentrate on a project for which he had shown tepid interest: the provision of a playground for neighborhood children who were running wild in the streets. As he busied himself with the project, buttonholing neighbors for contributions and gaining a healthy ego thereby, he found he was looked up to as a leader.

Before long he was so busy that he resented his latest flame's demands on his precious time. When the inevitable blowoff came, his attitude was one of good riddance.

Then there was a woman of 40 who came to my office. Her face was pinched, her eyes were deep with distress. Suddenly the tears came in a torrent. When the storm passed, she faced me tautly.

"I have no shame left," she said. "I can't keep on living the way I have been. You'll despise me, but I'm beyond caring."

"Nothing could make me despise you," I replied. "What is it?"

"It's—a man. Not in the way you think," she added hastily. "We worked in the same office. He's married. He told me he loved me. I refused to have anything to do with him. I even quit my job to get away from him. But I can't stop thinking of him."

A touch of color crept into her wan cheeks. "They aren't—clean thoughts. They're shameful, indecent. And I can't get rid of them! What kind of horrible woman am I getting to be?"

It took some time to convince her that she was not abnormal at all. When she was made to understand that her supposedly sinful thoughts were shared by the great majority of normal human beings, you could almost see the unbearable tensions drain out of her.

When the "fling" is over and the "runaway" is once more back in the family circle—what then? If this trying aftermath is not managed with sympathy and understanding, it may develop into a period of continued resentment, even suspicion.

"I know it's over now," remarked one injured wife, "but how could he—after all those years—do that to *me?*" And a husband, under similar circumstances, said: "It's all past and done, of course. But will I ever be able to trust her again?"

Forgiveness — absolute forgiveness—is the answer, of course. Then

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revival of mutual trust is bound to follow. That is the advice I gave to the wife of the hysterical individual whom I described at the beginning of this article.

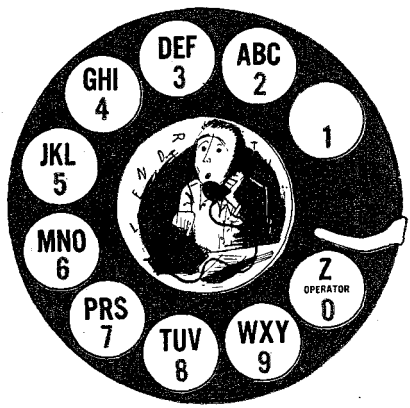
"Start again just where you left off," I told her. "Your husband has learned his lesson; he feels cheap, degraded, and humiliated. What he needs most of all now is not only your kindness and help to restore his self-respect but that of your son as well. Your husband's ego has received a terrible jolt and it must be restored so that he can again feel confidence to face the world. And if your own feelings get in the way now and then, remember one thing —*he did come back!*"

THE FIRST YEAR of marriage is none too early to begin building a stabilized love that will make yielding to a last-fling impulse unthinkable. Love and sex are not identical. It is their mutual blending that lifts man and woman to the peak of enduring happiness. Companionship, mutual dependence, the serene knowledge that you function best only through close kinship with your beloved—these can be nourished through the years. Then, despite vagrant sex fantasies, the idea of a stranger breaking into such a tight-knit intimacy becomes preposterous.

An anchor to windward is recognition of the fact that sex primarily is a mental affair. Mostly it originates in the mind. That is where control measures, taken in time, can snuff out a conflagration before it gets started. Self-managed and conscious control of perfectly normal impulses is exercised by countless thousands of men and women whose buoyant mental health keeps them forever outside the psychiatrist's office. Perhaps they are no "better" than tormented souls who rush headlong into smashups—but they have learned how to keep peace both in mind and body.

Dial-a-Word

EACH OF THE following combinations of numbers from the telephone dial spells a word. You can discover the word by selecting the correct letter from the group indicated by each digit in the number. For instance, 3228 spells *fact*. There is only one possible answer for each, so start dialing. For the right answers, turn to page 97.



a.	220227	h.	5328873	n.	8585353
b.	84445	i.	227368	o.	3328437
c.	6787424	j.	47783	p.	92783
d.	935569	k.	724665	q.	893583
e.	35625	l.	2389336	r.	366844
f.	443886	m.	736753	s.	8383726
g.	63729			t.	586467

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Niagara's College of Garden Beauty

by EDWIN DIEHL

The proverbial green thumb is a commonplace at the world's most colorful school

DRIVING ALONG the boulevard which follows the west bank of the Niagara River from Lake Superior to Lake Erie, a vacationing farmer noticed a freshly plowed half-acre of ground.

"Look," he told his family with a chuckle. "Some fool's wasted time and energy plowing up clay. Couldn't grow cactus in that stuff!"

Two days later, passing the same spot on the return trip, he braked his car to an abrupt stop. Spread before his eyes was a flowering festival of beauty, planted in precise geometric designs and looking like a washed rainbow.

Rows of flowers reached for the sun between miniature box hedge. Blended into the color fantasy were begonias, verbenas, fuchsias, ornamental shrubbery, and other flowering plants he didn't recognize. For good measure, the wizard who had accomplished this miracle had thrown in a miniature lagoon.

Though to a casual passer-by like the vacationing farmer it might seem like a miracle, to the young men enrolled at the Niagara Parks Commission's School for Gardeners, in Canada, it is just part of everyday studies. In fact, had the farmer investigated further, his eyes would have opened even wider.

A few hundred feet off Niagara Boulevard can be found specimens and species of almost every type of plant that grows in North America. The School has about 50,000 iris plants, 100,000 tulip and narcissus bulbs, 200 varieties of peonies, and an impressive number of lilacs. There are only slightly fewer roses.

The School has a total enrollment of 25 students and a graduating class of only eight, yet it can boast of 35 miles of campus. Students do not pay tuition or board, and the Niagara Parks Commission gives them pocket money while they are there. There are few other colleges of its kind in the world. It came into being to fill an urgent need.

Long before the 20th century, the shortage of master gardeners was being felt. By 1935, the compelling need for expert horticulturists sent

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the Niagara Parks Commission on an extensive search for skilled men. None was available.

The obvious solution lay in establishing a school of its own, if the Commission was to be assured a steady supply of master gardeners in the years ahead. In 1936, the School for Gardeners was founded.

A 250-acre parcel was allocated for the site. A small homestead was used as an office, a large dormitory was built, and an abandoned customs house was moved to the school and became a lecture hall and laboratory.

"The classrooms will be the ground," said a Commissioner. "We'll give these students three years' training, 12 months a year, in practical horticulture applications under the guidance of the best gardeners we can procure, and they'll become the world's best."

In the 15 years that have since elapsed, the policy remains the same. The project has proved to be both practical and workable, and its introduction of new methods of gardening has won favorable comments from educators everywhere. The curriculum gives students a thorough grounding in scientific knowledge, special technical skills, and the appreciation of esthetic values so essential to gardening.

IN ITS FIRST few years, the college provided the necessary personnel required by the Parks system, but so great has been the demand for talented gardeners that it has been kept going as a public service. Universities, cemeteries, other park commissions, and wealthy individuals are constantly begging for Niagara-trained men.

"When a graduate leaves here," says Headmaster Jim Liddell, "he is to horticulture what Einstein is to the atom. We urge him to regard his talents as a public trust and to put them to work, not selfishly for his personal profit but to spread more beauty in the world."

A graduate knows just about all there is to know about botany, arboriculture, floriculture, landscaping, horticultural chemistry, entomology, tree surgery, plant breeding, and a score of allied subjects. He should. His school day starts early and ends late, and 60 per cent of it is in the field. He even gets it at meals.

When I lunched with the students, one of them tossed a twig to Liddell. It had a frothy appearance, as if it had been stuck in whipped cream.

"What's wrong with this, sir?" he asked. "Looks blighted, but not like anything I've seen before."

The headmaster grinned. "Take a little time tonight in the lab and see if you can find out for yourself."

Afterward he told me, "I blighted it four days ago. I was sure somebody would come across it sooner or later."

Mealtime is happy time for the tanned, robust students, for Mary Procter, the dietitian, knows how to feed them. They eat family style, headmaster and two faculty members at a small head table, and eight boys each at three others. Twenty quarts of milk disappeared at lunch in 90 seconds, while 20 pounds of chicken, mounds of mashed potatoes, and quarts of mushroom gravy followed. Six huge strawberry shortcakes topped it off.

"Just a light lunch today, gang,"

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apologized Mary. "We're having steak tonight."

After lunch, a 26-year-old student, an RAF fighter pilot during the war, said in a mournful voice, "Anybody notice that a horse got loose and tore up one of the iris beds—the far one we had just staked with identification tags?"

A groan went up throughout the room. Liddell explained that there were 100 different species and more than 25,000 flowers in the bed. It meant the whole class would have to spend their leisure hours re-establishing the identity of, and tagging, the flowers.

Another student announced with pride that he had completed his wild-flower collection. Each second-year man has to build a collection of 200 specimens, along with 60 different trees. He must do it alone and authenticate his identifications —all this in free hours.

Three students arose ahead of the others and began clearing the tables and helping with the dishes. They all take turns at KP duty, and for one week out of 16, each student helps care for the chickens and horses or, in winter, shovels snow. Everybody shares in the work, including the faculty, and no task is too menial for first-year men or headmaster.

At 1 P.M. the big bell in the 200-year-old chestnut tree outside the main building was struck and the students hurried back to their field classrooms. Usually they work in pairs, tilling the soil, applying controlled fertilizers, sowing seed, transplanting, weeding, pruning, harvesting, storing crops, preparing ornamental plants for the winter, collecting seeds, carrying out the thousand jobs encountered daily in the study of plant production.

In the course of his three years, each student will have stuck thousands of sprouts, bulbs, seeds, and seedlings in the ground—and succeeded in making 70 per cent of them grow. All along Niagara Boulevard, in the area under control of the Parks Commission, can be found the handiwork of the students. The Oakes Theater Garden and Queen Victoria Park, to cite only two of the more famous of their fabulous flower gardens, have been responsible for the sale of more color film than any other floral display in North America.

THE SCHOOL is a haven for amateur gardeners who flock there each year for new ideas, advice, and counseling. Most seek tips on how to make their efforts twice as rewarding. Usually they are successful, for the general run of advice has helped thousands to create and enjoy gardening on a scale never before believed possible.

Here are some of the School's tips to visiting amateurs:

1. Use your plants in clusters for the best effect. One fault of most amateurs is that they spread their proud offspring too sparsely. Pansies are a good example. When you buy a box, you are impressed with the richness of their color. But then you spread that single box over hundreds of square feet and the effect is something akin to the spotty growth of dandelions.

2. If your garden is to be used primarily to provide cut flowers for brightening the house, don't attempt to have your labors doubled by hoping to have the same flowers

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show a garden at its best Instead, plant the cut flowers just as you would vegetables, for easy cultivation and cutting.

3. Make a blueprint, or site plan, of your proposed garden, using crayons to indicate the color schemes. This will not only enable you to double the effectiveness of your garden but to make the best possible use of your property.

4. If your time is limited, you can triple the effect of your garden by confining all high-upkeep flowers to one or two spots, thus providing such a spectacular display of color and bloom that visitors won't realize that only a small section of the garden contains flowers.

5. Use borders to dramatize and give unity to your garden. Korean box hedge is a favorite of students at the School, along with dark-leafed barberry, alternathera, gold privet, and santolina.

The next time you visit the Niagara area, take your garden problems with you. But before you stop at the School, make sure you can pose the problems quickly and tersely, for there will be many others like yourself who are seeking the secret of a green thumb at the most colorful college in the world.

What Are Fathers Made Of?

A FATHER IS a thing that is forced to endure childbirth without an anesthetic.

A father is a thing that growls when it feels good . . . and laughs loud when scared half to death.

A father never feels worthy of the worship in a child's eyes.

He's never quite the hero his daughter thinks . . . never quite the man his son believes him to be . . . and this worries him, sometimes.

So he works too hard to try and smooth the rough places in the road for those of his own who will follow him.

A father is a thing that gets very angry when the first school grades aren't as good as he thinks they should be.

He scolds his son . . . though he knows it's the teacher's fault.

Fathers are what give daughters away to other men who aren't nearly good enough . . . so they can have grandchildren who are smarter than anybody's.

Fathers make bets with insurance companies about who'll live the longest.

One day they lose . . . and the bet's paid off to the part of them they leave behind.

I don't know . . . where a father goes . . . when he dies.

But I've an idea that after a good rest . . . wherever it is . . . he won't just sit on a cloud and wait for the girl he's loved and the children she bore . . .

He'll be busy there, too . . . repairing the stairs . . . oiling the gates . . . improving the streets . . . smoothing the way. —PAUL HARVEY

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THE WISE MAN

by ALFRED HITCHCOCK

THE OBJECT that caught my eye and fascinated me so that I could scarcely concentrate on Chung, ruler of this little village of Kumin in China, was the tremendous bronze chandelier. It hung by a frayed hemp rope suspended over his head, from the very center of the high-domed room.

The chandelier, constructed of thousands of pieces of bronze fitted in a mosaic, caught every gleam of candlelight. It seemed to sway slightly, for it must have weighed half a ton. And yet it was held only by the thin worn rope.

I was almost tempted to catch my guide's blouse and say, "Watch out! It's going to fall!" But I was brought back to the business at hand as my guide bowed low and began to talk in rapid native dialect. He was asking permission for me to use Chung's quaint little community as the site of a movie.

After the guide finished his explanation, there was a pause. Then Chung unfolded his hands, gave me a long look, and answered with considered pauses.

Suddenly, in the midst of his conversation, there came a rumble and roar like that of an earthquake. I started, jumped back, and almost pulled the guide off balance, trying to snatch him from disaster. The big dog at Chung's feet leaped from under the teetering chandelier and ran, terror-stricken, to hide.

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL NONNAST

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OF KUMIN

This time I actually shouted: "Watch out! It's going to fall!" But the old ruler bravely continued his slow speech, not even glancing upwards.

Then I realized, as the rumble and roar continued, that the daily train was passing behind the building and its vibration had almost broken the chandelier loose. As the roar of the train subsided, the chandelier, like a slowing pendulum, gradually reduced its swing and seemed to come to rest.

When the old man had finished his speech, he again folded his hands in his lap and closed his eyes. My guide motioned, and we retreated from the building. Once we were outside, I asked: "Why does Chung sit under that swaying chandelier? Doesn't he know his life is in danger every minute?"

My guide shrugged with fatalistic indifference. "He is a very brave and wise man. Twenty years ago, when a neighboring army planned to invade, they sent an emissary to give Chung a chance to surrender without bloodshed. When the emissary was brought before Chung, he too noticed the chandelier. Chung's answer to the demand for surrender was a sharp no. The emissary was so impressed with Chung's courage that he instructed his tribe not to make war, knowing that a group with so fearless a leader could not be defeated."

"What did Chung say to me?" I asked the guide.

"Again he doesn't want the village invaded. I am sorry."

Many times in succeeding years I thought of the brave Chung. But it was seven years later that I again had occasion to visit Kumin. I had heard that Chung had died—a natural death—so I decided to talk to the new leader.

Once again my guide led me into the dim building, and once again I looked at the gigantic chandelier, swaying on its even more frayed rope. This time, below it in the carved stone chair, sat a much younger, beardless man. To my amazement, he was an American.

I told him my reason for being there, and without the aid of the guide, he said, "Certainly you may use Kumin. We would be honored."

As we talked further, I said: "I can understand how a Chinese man, imbued with the beliefs of his ancestors and his Oriental religion, would risk his life to sit here and rule, risking death every minute. But how can you do it?"

The American arose, took me aside, and spoke quietly. "I was once a public-health inspector in the U. S. Thirty years ago I came here and fell in love with this community. And 30 years ago I was hired by Chung to run a steel wire down the center of the thin rope that supports the chandelier."

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THE ANGRY HOUSEWIVES OF GARY

by A. B. HENDRY

They made history with their smashing crusade to rid the city of vice and crime

IN 1949, THE CITY of Gary, Indiana, entered the new year with its face as red as the flaming night skies above its steel mills. Gary's second-largest industry, the gambling and prostitution racket with a take that ran into millions, had exploded into the open.

During the first nine weeks of the year, eight murders were added to the record. After dark, terror rode the city streets, not merely in the riotous red-light district to the south, but in residential areas as well.

It was on a quiet residential street that the eighth victim, a 45-year-old schoolteacher named Mary Cheever, was murdered by a young purse snatcher. But this time the steel town of 133,000 did not receive the crime news with customary apathy. Gary was stunned. The principal of the high school said tearfully: "As a teacher, Mary was without equal." The Presbyterian Church, the Red Cross, and other organizations of which she had been a member grieved at the senselessness of the crime.

Next morning, phones began to ring. First it was a veteran teacher calling the minister's wife. "We have to do something about Mary's death," she said brokenly.

Next on the phone was a neighbor. "Let's get together, organize, do something!"

One call followed the other, merging into a collective cry for action: "Maybe between all of us women, we can think up a plan."

Most of the housewives sensed an opportunity to do some cleaning up that the city's inept police had long neglected. In the Cheever murder, they had an issue that would spur every right-thinking citizen into a crusade against vice and crime.

For three days the phones rang unceasingly. Women's clubs—social, literary, cultural, religious—closed ranks in the spontaneous move to clean up their city. "This is a woman's job," they said. "We

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don't have to consider business and political interests, because we don't know what those interests are. We don't have to be afraid of anyone!"

Mary Cheever's friends formed a committee and called a mass meeting for the next night. An hour before the meeting, the hall was jammed with more than 2,000 angry, purposeful women. Speaker after speaker denounced the city's lawlessness and its civic rulers' inaction. To many housewives, the description of Gary's festering red-light district came as a shocking revelation.

Vice and crime in their town, they learned with horror, was a big-time business running into millions. Girls, they were told, openly solicited trade for their houses or themselves. Gambling establishments were thriving.

The women were told that this vice ring was run by a group of men whose influence reached into the city's highest political circles. It was clear why law-enforcement agencies had been reluctant to deal with syndicated crime.

The meeting had heard enough. "What can we do to start the clean-up?" demanded the audience. The first step was to elect a Women's Citizen Committee.

By coincidence, the City Council was meeting that very moment only four blocks away. With an angry buzz, the aroused women marched into City Hall. They quickly filled the area reserved for spectators, overflowed into the aisles, and thence into the street.

In the line stood mothers, teachers, club members, neighborhood leaders, Democrats and Republicans, members of every race, creed and color. It was a civic awakening the like of which Gary had never seen before.

But there was no yelling, no disorder. When it was their turn to speak, they presented a resolution. "The women of Gary," it said, "have long suffered from lack of protection by the police. They have watched helplessly as neighbors and friends have been attacked on the streets and robbed in their homes and automobiles, with no aid from the law-enforcement division of the city government."

The men sat silent, while the women went on to say: "As taxpayers and citizens, we are agreed to demand and to get honesty, protection, efficiency in government, and a cleaned-up town. If the city government can't make the city safe for its citizens, the women can and will, with God's help." They gave the City Council two weeks to clean up, and marched out.

INFORMATION NOW began to reach the Women's Citizens Committee from many grapevines. Anonymous phone callers tipped off the addresses of gambling joints. Others disclosed how bookies arrested as a gesture to the committee were being acquitted on appeal "for lack of evidence."

But when the two-week deadline had come and gone without noticeable changes, it was time for further steps. There were visits to the Mayor and to the Governor, and back to the Mayor. It began to look as if the women of Gary had been successful in their campaign for a better town.

But before long, word filtered back to the WCC that vigilance had

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again been relaxed, that gambling operators were back in business. So, without warning, lines of women wearing WCC armbands appeared outside the gambling establishments. Reporters and photographers arrived en masse. By evening the city hummed with headlines—and the vice dens had shut up tight.

That night the phones began to ring again, ominously. To one woman, a man's voice said gruffly: "You girls better lay off this funny business, or you're gonna get hurt." The wife of a physician was warned anonymously: "If you keep this up, you can expect the undertaker at your house." Another picket was told: "You're taking your life in your hands!"

The committee reported the threats to police, but nothing happened. So the pickets came out again next day. The vice dens remained shuttered. Soon the grapevine reported that gambling houses were moving to new sites, that prostitutes were fanning out into other neighborhoods.

The committee met again: the enemy had not been defeated, merely dispersed. It was time for a more purposeful approach, so the WCC decided to organize a Gary Crime Commission, similar to the Chicago Crime Commission which had won its spurs fighting the Capone gang.

The group was formed, comprising 65 carefully chosen men and women. A budget of $12,000, drawn from donations of women members and door-to-door collections, was allocated to the Commission's drive. Hitherto the women had been meeting in churches and homes. Now an office was rented and a young housewife hired to serve as secretary.

The dual drive of the Women's Committee and the Crime Commission soon produced results. There was, the Commission reasoned, an alliance between crime and politics. Shady characters had been observed hanging round the office of the Chief Deputy Prosecutor. At a secret Commission meeting, the suggestion was made: "Why don't we plant microphones in his office and find out what's going on?"

Soon, two microphones were placed in his office. The wires led to a recording machine in the office of a lawyer whose wife was one of the WCC founders.

The results were startling. The first conversations had the deputy advising a caller how to escape a charge of keeping a bawdyhouse. "If you're caught, buddy," he said soothingly, "I'll do everything in my power so that it won't cost you a nickel."

News of the microphones spread fast. The November election was approaching and the disclosures might be extremely damaging to the deputy's superior, Prosecutor Ben Schwartz, who was up for re-election. At this point, the deputy prosecutor announced that he planned to file suit against the Commission—and then left on a vacation.

WITH ITS MICROPHONE revelations as a trump card, the Commission issued a sensational pamphlet, "The Microphone Speaks," which blasted the unholy alliance between crime and law. Gary was shocked. Newspapers played the story in banner headlines. Radio, television, and newsreels interviewed the Crime Commission and WCC leaders.

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Schwartz announced he would have a special grand jury investigate the Crime Commission, but at this point his deputy resigned.

Whether or not Schwartz would actually be able to do anything depended on his re-election. Here again the women moved en masse. The WCC recruited hundreds of women poll watchers and trained them for election-day duties.

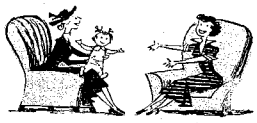
In desperation, the prosecutor went ahead with his jury investigation. But so far as Gary was concerned, the women had proved their case: Schwartz was through. He was beaten by 6,795 votes, after having won in 1948 by a large plurality. City Hall's candidate had been beaten—and it was the angry women who had done it.

Now the vice mills fell apart swiftly, and beneficial effects began to spread through the community. A public-welfare official reported: "We now have more money available for needy children. With gambling reduced, families require less help from us."

But the greatest tribute came from the American Social Hygiene Association. In September, 1950, the Association reported: "Gary was found to be a changed city. Much of the commercialized prostitution which existed there for years has been eliminated."

In retrospect, what happened in Gary was a local phenomenon. But the cleanup has a deep significance for every American community which faces the evils of graft and corruption. Gary proved that crime can be uprooted by an aroused citizenry. And if men are not capable of doing the job, then the women must take over—just as Gary's angry housewives did.

Language Lesson



MRS. JONES had been in her new home long enough for neighbors to pay a friendly call, but none appeared. They seemed to show the same indifference to another newcomer who had moved in across the street. Finally Mrs. Jones took her baby and paid the lady across the street a call.

Afterward, Mrs. Jones told her husband: "When she opened the door I realized at once she couldn't speak English. But I wasn't going to let the neighbors laugh at me, so I went in anyway."

"How could you spend an afternoon in sociable conversation when neither of you understood the other?" her husband asked.

"Well, we did!" Mrs. Jones said proudly. "We each struggled in our own language till she spoke to the baby. You can understand admiration of your child in any tongue. When that topic was exhausted, she showed me her flower garden. My enthusiasm could be comprehended in any language, too. I don't think the neighbors are any the wiser." —ALICE PAGE

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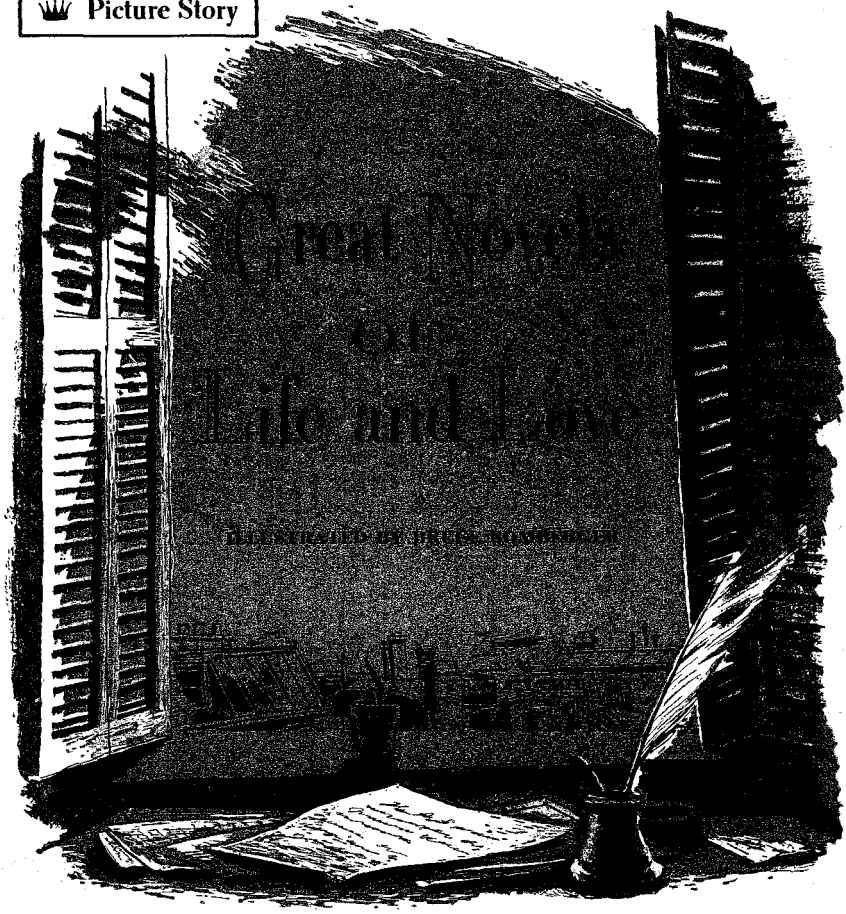
Picture Story



THROUGHOUT the history of book publishing, there have been countless best sellers. For many, fame was short-lived, and they faded with their era; but others, because they had the magic that distinguishes the great from the mediocre, have endured through generations and are still treasured by millions of avid readers around the world.

The insight of their authors, who presented with rich sensitivity the joys and sorrows of life, won for these novels the crown of everlasting classics of literature. To the storytelling genius of writers of all nations, the world owes an incalculable debt for the gay amusement and adventurous entertainment produced by their gifted pens. In tribute to them, CORONET presents scenes from their masterpieces.

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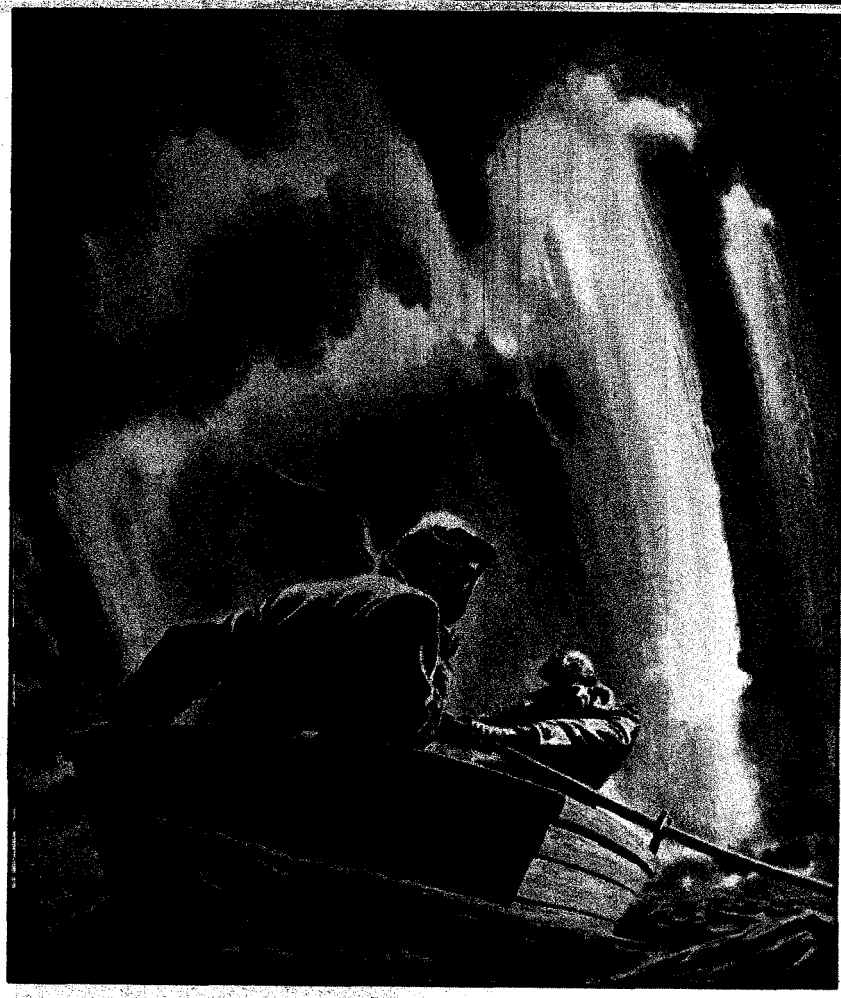

A FAREWELL TO ARMS *by* Ernest Hemingway

ALL the hopelessness and destruction of World War I is brought to life in this dramatic novel by one of America's leading writers. Caught under the pressure of the enemy advance upon Italy, an American ambulance driver deserts, and he and an English nurse seek a haven for their love by attempting an escape by rowboat to Switzerland.

After crossing the storm-tossed lake and slipping past guards, they find only a fleeting happiness: the nurse dies giving birth to a stillborn baby, and the hero faces alone the bleakness of a war-torn world.

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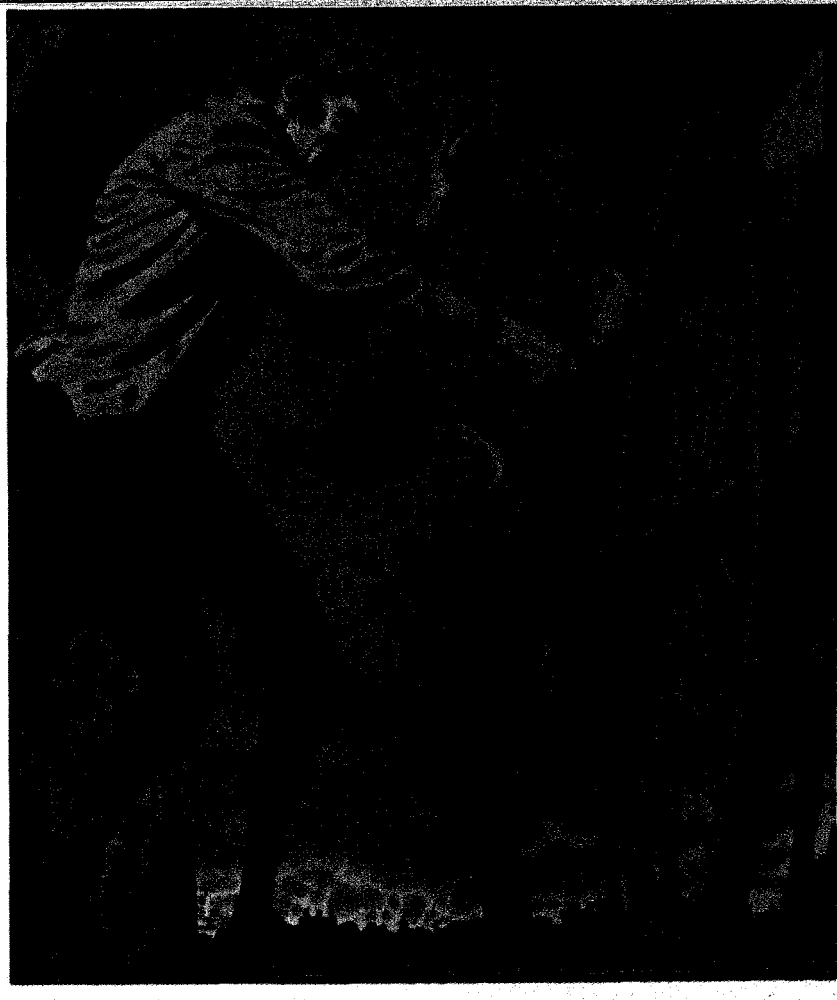

DAVID COPPERFIELD *by* Charles Dickens

AMONG the countless unforgettable characters created by Charles Dickens is David Copperfield, the boy who was sent by his cruel stepfather to work in a dreary London warehouse, pasting labels on wine bottles.

Later, en route to his Great-aunt Betsey's house at Dover, David meets a drayman who, thinking the boy is a runaway, bullies him and threatens to call the police. Before David can explain, the drayman vanishes with his possessions. Completely impoverished, David begins his walk to Dover and to a life of many heart-touching adventures.

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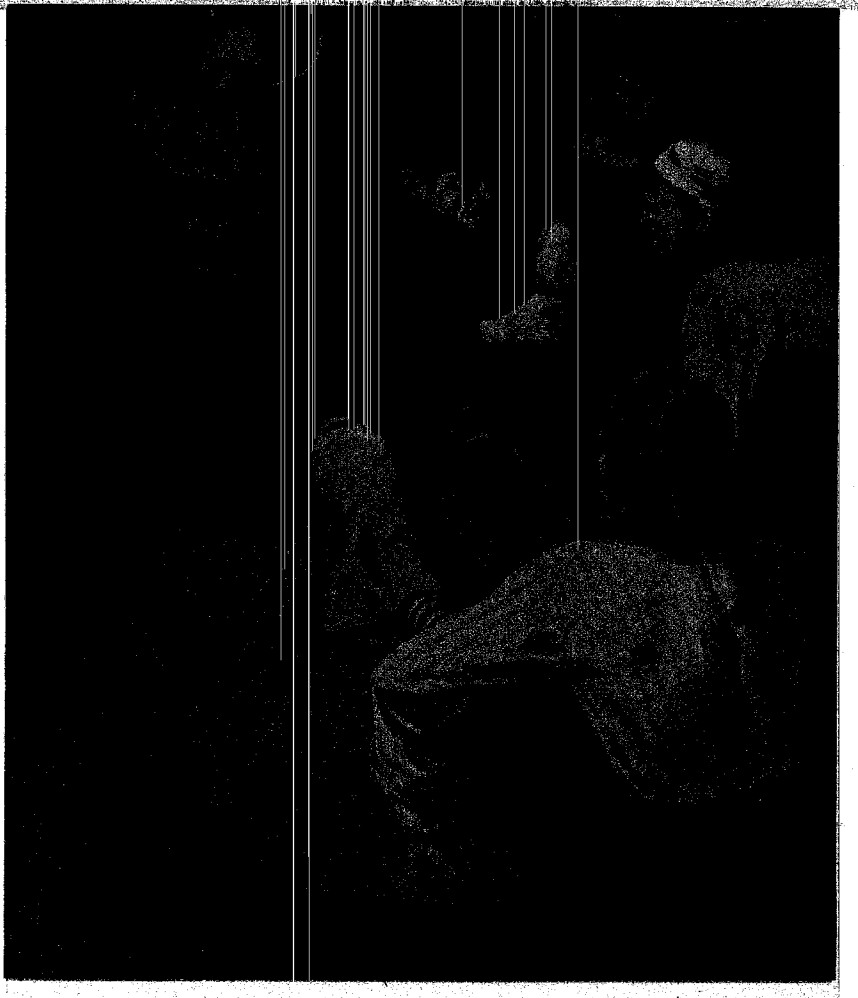

TREASURE ISLAND *by* Robert Louis Stevenson

BURIED treasure! Buccaneers! Mutiny! Hostages! Such excitement makes this novel one of the most adventurous of all time. Readers of every age have traveled with young Jim Hawkins on his thrilling voyage aboard the *Hispaniola*.

Jim learns about the mutiny when, hidden in an apple barrel, he hears Long John Silver, whom he considered a good friend, plot the rebellion with the crew. After the outbreak, Jim Hawkins is held as hostage by the buccaneers, but he is saved by his friends and they return to England with the treasure.

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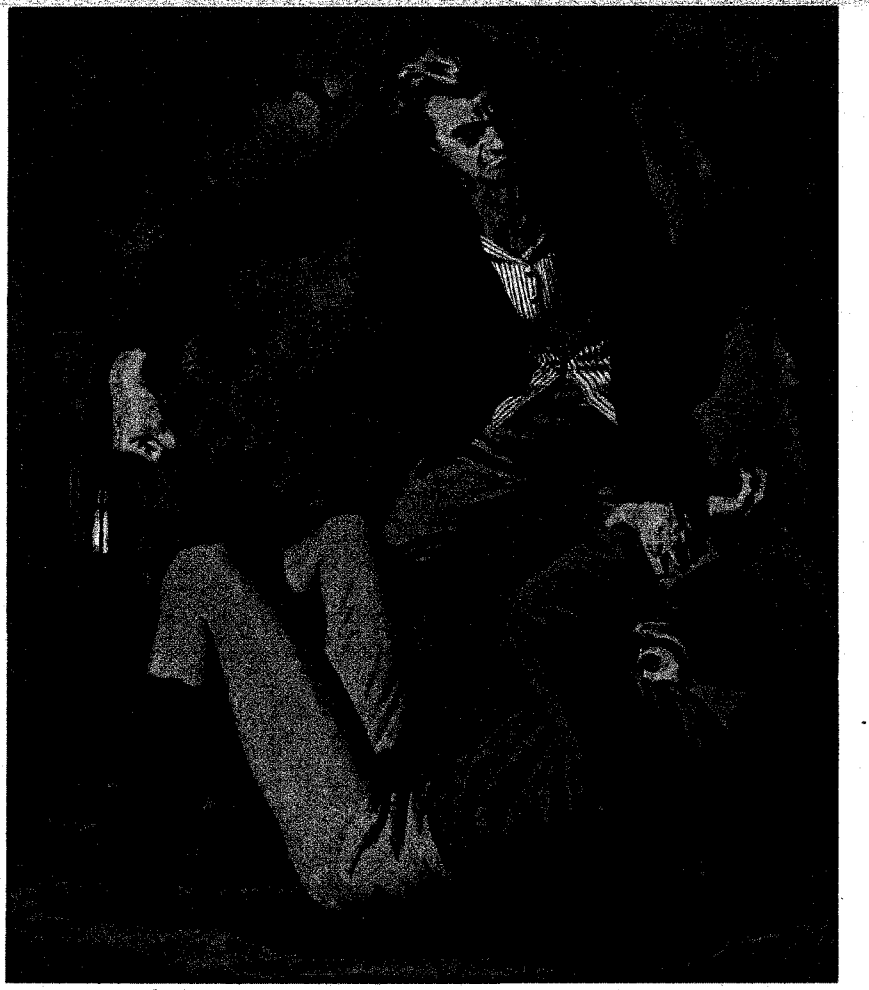

WUTHERING HEIGHTS *by* Emily Brontë

VIOLENCE often rages in the strange Earnshaw home on the lonely English moors. Heathcliff, a sullen, moody youth raised with the Earnshaw children, is forced to do farm labor by Hindley Earnshaw, who has always been jealous of him.

Bitterly crushed when he learns that Catherine Earnshaw is to marry wealthy Edgar Linton, Heathcliff leaves the country and returns years later a rich and powerful man. His fruitless revenge and Cathy's death drive him to his own grave. His last days are haunted by the phantom of the woman he loves.

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GONE WITH THE WIND *by* Margaret Mitchell

As ONE of the most popular American novels, this book reaches its high spot when General Sherman's pillage of Atlanta during the War Between the States forces Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler to flee the city. Even this catastrophe does not tame the headstrong and selfish Scarlett, and she continues through life with a violent determination to fulfill her own covetous desires.

A spoiled, pampered woman, she eventually suffers for her self-centeredness when her child is accidentally killed, and Rhett, the one man she loves, walks out of her life.

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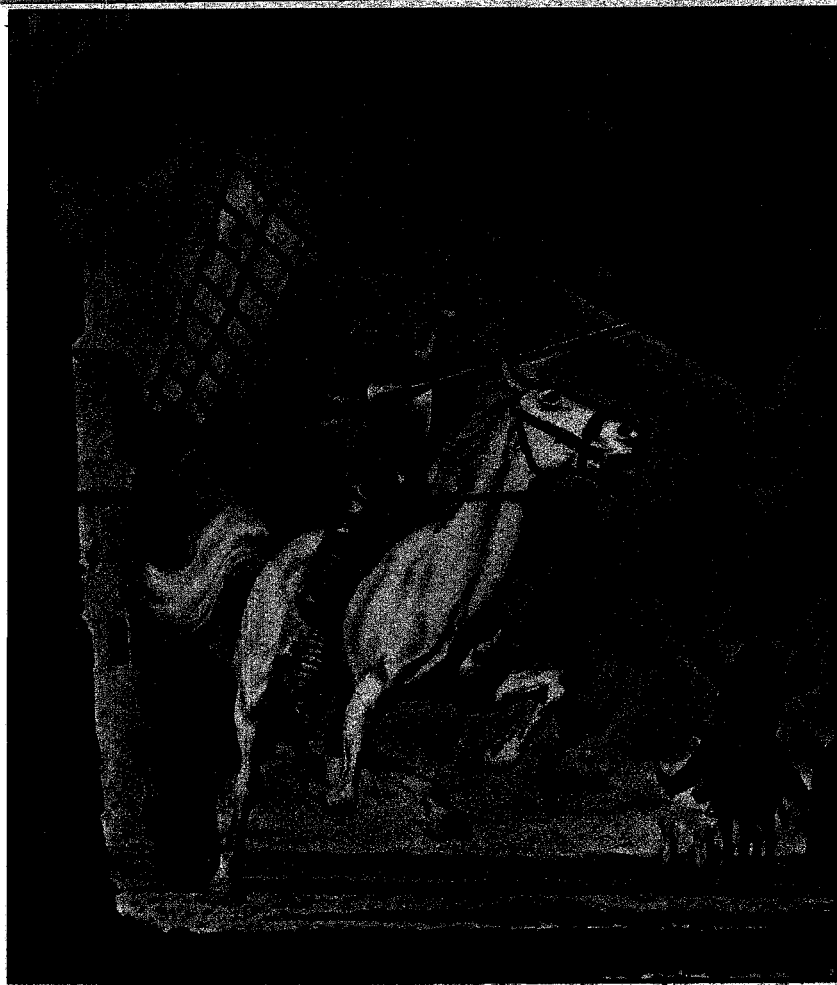

DON QUIXOTE *by* Miguel De Cervantes

IMPRESSED by the books he has read on knighthood of yore, Don Quixote believes he is destined, like his heroes, to roam the world on his aged horse Rosinante, seeking adventure and doing good for all mankind.

Encountering a field of windmills, he thinks they are giant enemies, and when he attacks one, both he and his horse are lifted from the ground. Accompanied by Sancho Panza, his humorous squire, Don Quixote continues his misdirected idealism until, through illness, he escapes his delusions and dies in peace at his home in La Mancha.

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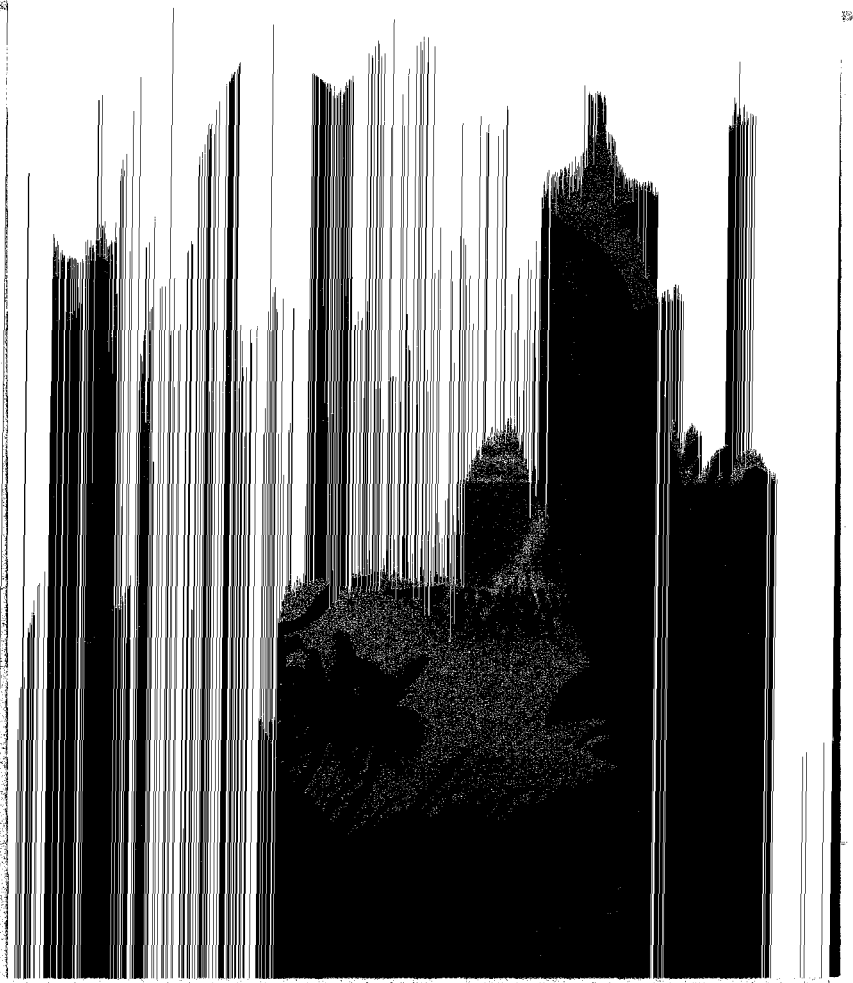

ROBINSON CRUSOE *by* Daniel Defoe

SHIPWRECKED and cast ashore on a desert island, Robinson Crusoe, an English sailor, lives in solitude for more than 18 years until he comes upon a human footprint in the sand. Afraid of cannibals, he lives in constant suspense for seven more adventurous years before he sees them.

Peering down from a hilltop, he watches the cannibals dancing around their victims. He rescues one of them who becomes his servant, and names him Friday—the day of the escape. They remain together for three years and are eventually picked up by a passing ship.

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THE THREE MUSKETEERS *by* Alexandre Dumas

FEW fictional characters enjoy the high-spirited merriment of D'Artagnan and his friends, the three gallant guardsmen. Their countless daring exploits depict the gay fortunes and misfortunes of life in France under King Louis XIII.

Ambitious to join the King's guards, D'Artagnan travels to Paris on horseback. He arrives impoverished, but eager for new adventures. Soon after his arrival he is challenged to duels by the three men who are to become his inseparable companions in an exciting and dangerous life of "all for one, one for all."

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Comedians HAVE COURAGE

by RUPERT HUGHES

Here are some little-known, behind-the-scenes stories about America's laugh-makers

IT HAS BEEN my good fortune to know well some of the most famous comedians of our times; and so I have learned how much more the world owes to its best laugh makers than to its philosophers, psychiatrists, preachers, and professional uplifters. But indebted and grateful as I have been to those who have made me laugh, there are phases of their high art and courage that I have overlooked till now.

Having known Will Rogers intimately, I was amazed to learn the real reason he always chewed gum so vigorously that it became a trademark. A friend once visited him in his dressing room, when Will was the only unhandsome feature of Ziegfeld's *Follies*.

After he had drawled and rubbed his nose and tossed off his howl-awaking comments in utter ease, Will toppled into his dressing room as exhausted as a spent marathon runner. He stripped off his clothes, then groaned: "I used to chew my tongue till it was raw and bleeding. Finally, somebody suggested gum as better to bite on than my tongue. So I always keep it going."

I once went with Will to visit an institution for victims of infantile paralysis. The patio was crowded with patients ranging from tiny children to middle-aged men and women. Will wandered from infant to adult with a flippant quip for each, and set them all to shrieking with laughter.

Afterwards, the head of the institution told me that Will had said he would like to wash his hands. The director led him to a room and went to get him a clean towel. Returning, he opened the door softly and found Will leaning against the wall, his head in his arms. He was sobbing like a child.

The director closed the door and

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tiptoed away. A little later Will was back again, bright-eyed and gay, and tossing jokes about as if there were no suffering before him.

Once, in the Hollywood Bowl, at an "I Am an American Day" celebration, I preceded Jimmy Durante. Later, I stood at his elbow while he waited his cue to leap on the stage with his frenetic aides and tear a piano to pieces. He was trembling in an anguish of anxiety, sweat beading his brow.

Suddenly Jimmy's moment came, and he swooped down on the stage like a tribe of Apaches. Chaos followed. But it was a minutely imagined, marvelously ordered chaos such as only an inspired intellect like Durante's could create. Nobody dreamed of his inner terrors.

Some comedians get laughs with clownish make-up, false noses, "fright wigs," or grotesque costumes. Others by a change of character. Few people have had more listeners and laughers than Jack Benny, who plays "straight" without make-up. But where the rest of us conceal our faults and pretend virtues, Benny conceals his virtues and pretends his faults.

The most generous of men, he has a stable of expensive writers who toil desperately for a week in order to build a half-hour of joy in which Jack is presented as a skinflint, a miser, the butt of all the jokes. He is a bad sport, a braggart, he plays the violin execrably. Why? Because it is funnier so.

I said to him once: "Everybody tells me that you are the most unhappy man on radio."

"They tell *me* that, too; but it's a lie," he said.

And indeed he does lead a happy life, sharing it with the wife to whom he has been blissfully married for many years, though on the radio she is still "Miss Livingstone," his severest critic.

As a wit, Fred Allen has a unique style that can only be called "Allenian." His everyday conversation is as funny as anything his vast public hears. But before his unseen audiences of millions, he suffers so that his health is always precarious.

That giggle you hear when he stirs a burst of laughter in his studio audience is Fred's way of saying: "Thank God, that one got over!" But he is already thinking, "God help me with the next one!"

I once joined the multitudes in roaring at the very low comedy of Eddie Foy; but now I always think of him as he was when the theater he was playing in became famous as the scene of the Iroquois Fire. Hundreds were trampled to death in the panic, but Eddie Foy stood on the stage, trying to joke them or dance-step them into self-control, while his own comic derby hat was on fire from blazing coals dropping onto the smoke-fogged stage.

LAUGHTER IS A BRIEF insanity that saves us from a more grave, perhaps lifelong, insanity. In every audience, nearly everybody is really a brokenhearted being with secret sorrows, terrors, and heartaches. A comedian speaks, and the whole throng lets out a roar of delight and is rejuvenated long enough to gain respite from despair.

In every home, there is someone who grieves, or is frightened, or is in agony. Then somebody turns on the television. Out flashes Milton Berle or Ed Wynn. Or from the

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radio leaps Joan Davis, Red Skelton, or any one of a score of philanthropists whom it is an ingratitude not to name.

Immediately there is helpful laughter. The tragedies are dispelled and, for a while, at least, life is worthwhile again.

Among the possessions I cherish most is a photograph I had taken with that past master of nonsense, W. C. Fields. I met him only once—at one of those famous Hollywood film premieres that Sid Grauman devised. The other stars arrived in their glossiest limousines, but Fields drove up in a creaking old flivver. When the attendant offered him a parking check for his rattletrap, he said: "Keep the car for yourself, my little chickadee."

When it pleased the whim of the publicity man to pose me with Fields for a few radio remarks, I said: "I have such admiration for so great a clown as you that I should like to be photographed paying you reverence."

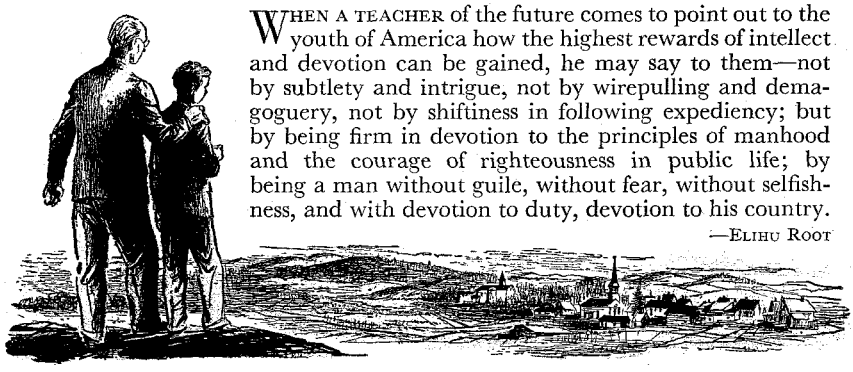
So Fields drew himself up, hoisted that wonderful nose of his, and put out his hand like bored royalty accepting homage from a petitioner. He was spoofing, but I have never been more sincere than when I bent my knee and planted a humble kiss on the back of his hand.

DURING WORLD WAR II, our comedians and comediennes flew all over the world to bring laughter and relief to our battle-weary soldiers. They went into fields of danger with the same courage that they had learned in the practice of the perilous arts of laughter.

In North Africa, a sudden air raid by the enemy sent the actors and actresses scurrying to shelter. Later, Kay Francis said: "When I plunged into a fox hole, I found a wolf there." It was good for a laugh—and a good laugh.

And so, in another war, our comedians can be counted on to get as close to the firing line as possible. They know how to fight fright. Look at the practice they get, going down to the footlights and firing off their jokes! That takes real bravery and self-control.

A Creed for Youth



WHEN A TEACHER of the future comes to point out to the youth of America how the highest rewards of intellect and devotion can be gained, he may say to them—not by subtlety and intrigue, not by wirepulling and demagoguery, not by shiftiness in following expediency; but by being firm in devotion to the principles of manhood and the courage of righteousness in public life; by being a man without guile, without fear, without selfishness, and with devotion to duty, devotion to his country.

—ELIHU ROOT

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Honeymooners Are His Business

by MARJORIE and GRANT HEILMAN

At his Farm on the Hill, "Mr. Van" offers newlyweds a haven of quiet and seclusion

THOUSANDS OF happily married couples all over the country shed a nostalgic tear when they get a letter postmarked Swiftwater, Pennsylvania. The letter is invariably addressed in the inked scrawl of portly Rudolf Van Hoevenberg, a ruddy-faced Dutchman whom the couples fondly recall as "Mr. Van."

Their nostalgia comes from happy memories of days spent at the Farm on the Hill, a tiny resort for honeymooners, operated by Mr. Van and his family.

Mr. Van, having watched so many newlyweds begin their lives together, probably knows as much about the psychology of honeymooning as most professional psychologists. He has set up the Farm to provide the seclusion, peaceful surroundings, and unobtrusive friendliness needed to overcome the fatigue of marriage preparations and the self-consciousness which haunts most newly married couples.

Since the Farm accepts only 12 couples each week, reservations frequently come in a year ahead of time. Though this tempts the Vans to expand, they feel that if the Farm were larger, it would lose the family atmosphere they consider its most valuable asset.

When a couple begins to plan a Farm honeymoon, the Vans ask them for pictures and a chatty biographical sketch outlining their interests and plans for the future. Then the Vans decide whether the couple would add to the congeniality of the Farm group.

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One couple wrote Mr. Van that they planned to spend the first week of their honeymoon at a swank resort and the second week at the Farm. When Mr. Van suggested that the contrast might be too great a change, he expected the couple to cancel their Farm plans. Instead, they wrote: "After talking it over, we decided that you were right. Our week at———— has now become a lovely mahogany living-room suite instead, and we would definitely like to spend a week at the Farm."

Arriving guests are greeted by first names and welcomed like old friends. If they are hungry, there may be a brief session around the kitchen table, discussing home-town couples who have been at the Farm before. After ten minutes, guests feel they have known the Vans a lifetime—and a lot of nervousness has disappeared.

The Farm's cottages are tucked away in secluded nooks around the main house in which the Vans live. And when Mr. Van shows a couple to their cottage, he explains: "It's yours. You can rearrange the furniture, hang your own pictures, or do anything you like except tear the place down. This is your first home and none of us will step inside while you are here—unless we're invited. When we say you'll have privacy, we mean it."

One of Mr. Van's observations has been that, after a few days, newlyweds want outside company. Bridge games, volley ball, croquet, and hiking get under way.

The Vans started their honeymoon haven entirely by accident. Mr. Van had been a New York businessman, but when his health broke in 1934, he and his family moved to the country. Friends who came for week ends often wanted to return for vacations, but refused to do so unless they paid their way.

When the Vans discovered that the country-innkeeper life suited them so well, they decided to make it a full-time business. Searching for friendly guests whom they could consider "depression proof," they settled on honeymooners as the ideal group.

Mr. Van is constantly on watch against practical jokers. For the favorite trick—a phone call late the night a couple arrives and purportedly from a parent—his remedy is simple. "Hang up and I'll call you back," he says. "Your children gave me your home number."

When nervous parents actually do call, Mr. Van usually talks them out of disturbing their youngsters by assurances that the couple arrived safely. When parents are adamant, he asks: "Weren't you ever on a honeymoon?"

It always works.

COMMENTING ON the state of the world, a Navajo philosopher in Gallup, New Mexico, summed it up pretty neatly when he said: "Too many chiefs—not enough Indians." —RALPH GOODAN

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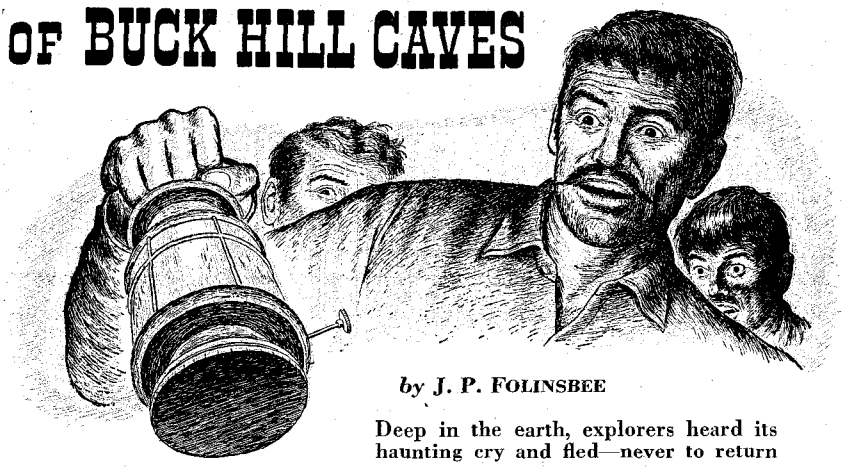
THE OF BUCK HILL CAVES



by J. P. FOLINSBEE

Deep in the earth, explorers heard its haunting cry and fled—never to return

NO ONE KNOWS who first found the entrance. It lies, a dark, forbidding cleft in a nest of crumbling limestone rocks, just a few yards from one of Virginia's busiest highways. Each year, some 500,000 tourists, eager for their first glimpse of world-famous Natural Bridge, less than a half-mile away, pass on the road below. They do not even know it exists.

It is the surface opening to Buck Hill Caverns, a vast underground kingdom that, once discovered, has never been fully explored. Yet once, some 60 years ago, its magnificent grottos, mysterious waterfalls, and weird stone formations were nearly opened to the public.

Jake Fitzgeralds was a lean and lithe youth in 1889. As a schoolboy, he had prowled around Buck Hill Caverns, sometimes with his buddies, sometimes alone. Yet no one ever went far. A few yards from the entrance, the caverns dropped into a dark labyrinth of passageways.

Then, in October, Jake got his chance. Col. Henry Parsons, fascinated by tales of strange beauty underground, decided to investigate. "I'll pay you a dollar a day to go down there and tell me what you find," the Colonel bargained.

"Sure," Jake grinned.

A few days later, armed with oil lanterns and candles, ropes and chisels, Jake and his brother Joe disappeared between the dark lips of Buck Hill. A little crowd had gathered to watch.

The hours passed. Then finally, at dusk, Jake and Joe reappeared, matted with red cave mud. Their eyes shone.

"Quite a hole," Jake grinned. "Must run for miles, I reckon. Mighty pretty, too."

By midnight, Colonel Parsons wormed out of him a spine-tingling tale that added up to one of the most extravagantly beautiful cav-

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erns yet discovered. And a week later, a crew of eight men began the task of opening Buck Hill Caverns to a soon-to-be-astonished world.

Undisturbed in the billion or so years since the soft rock, eaten by water, gave way into enormous chambers, with ceilings so lofty that the beams of the strongest lanterns could not reach them, the caverns were slowly awakened from aeons of sleep. Breaking through a wall of mud, Jake found a frozen waterfall, hanging majestically against the dripping rock. Further into the depths, a crystal lake vanished into apparent nothingness under a canopy of stone.

An enormous stalagmite, nicknamed "Rock of Gibraltar" because of its startling shape, reared 80 feet from the cavern floor. Stalactites, dripping diamond rain from the ceilings, cast eerie shadows on the dwarfed figures of the men working below. Bats, numbering in the millions, squeaked and swayed in an uneasy river of fur as the workers brushed through low tunnels.

Months passed. Slowly, step by step, probing into hidden passages, they crept down hundreds of feet into the damp, secret bowels of the mountain. A few daring and curious people followed in their steps, and gasped at what they saw. Excitement began to build through the Blue Ridge countryside.

Then, after a solid year of labor, it happened. Probing with a pick, Jake broke through a wall of flowstone. He smashed again and the hole grew. His blood racing now, he put his head through and shone his lantern. The pit he saw fell down in a cascade of stone and mud, apparently without end.

"Joe," he called, excitement in his voice, "come here!"

Together they gazed in awe into the bottomless passageway.

"Get a rope," Jake commanded. And then, in utter silence, he was lowered into the hole.

An hour later, he was back. As they pulled him over the edge of the pit, his face was white.

"It's down *there!*" he said. "This —" he dismissed a year's labor with a flick of his hand—"this ain't nothing. Waterfalls, pools, lakes, chambers higher'n a man can see. Even cave flowers. You never seen the like!" His words tumbled out. "I gotta find Parsons!"

NEXT DAY, a 100-foot ladder was put down and work began on the lower levels of Buck Hill Caverns. They never found the end of it.

A thousand feet down, an enormous fissure opened through the rock. One wall, 100 feet high and 300 feet long, was covered with a breath-taking spectacle in living, flowing stone, unmatched in beauty by anything known to exist. In honor of its awesome majesty, they called it "The Wall of Crowns." A little further, a waterfall hung in a shimmering curtain, splashing into a natural fountain and flowing out on lovely stone falls. Deeper still, a "Devil's Staircase" of stalagmites curved up to the vaulting dome. Cave coral and stone flowers bloomed everywhere.

Yet few people ever saw the unearthly beauty of that deep chamber. For with its discovering, Buck Hill Caves was doomed to pass into legend and oblivion.

A few days later, choosing at random from the bewildering array

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of beckoning passages, Jake selected a promising cleft at the lowest known point. For an hour, the men dug down. Then, for no reason, everyone stopped talking. A strange, unnatural stillness fell.

"Listen!" Jake called suddenly, springing back from the edge of the pit. The group closed around him. Their feet stopped shuffling. Then it came—a sobbing cry, uncannily like the wracking voice of a woman, floated eerily up from the chasm. It stopped. Then it came again, in a long, moaning sigh that rose like a sob of pain.

"It's a woman crying!" said one of the diggers. "She's lying down there. It's a *haunt*, warning us to get out of this devil home!"

The men murmured uneasily. Nearly a thousand feet from the sun, in the Stygian depths of the earth, they began to glance over their shoulders. Like fantastic dancers, shadows loomed from their lanterns and spent themselves against the utter dark.

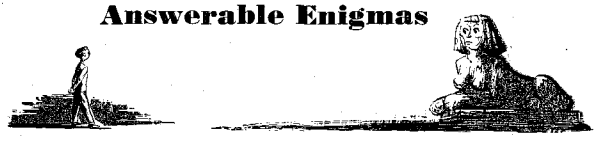
Suddenly, Jim Bleacher's nerve cracked. "I'm getting out of here!" he yelled. He began to run. Silently, like ghosts, the others followed. And as they ran, another sobbing wail echoed behind them.

Like wildfire, the story of the Phantom of the Caves spread through the superstitious mountain country. And on Monday, when Jake and his brother waited at the entrance for the men to show up, no one appeared. For weeks afterward, Jake combed the hills, trying to find cave-workers. But no man would answer his knock on the door. And so, finally, Buck Hill Caverns was abandoned.

Today, white-haired Jake Fitzgeralds is the only man alive who heard the phantom voice that day. He lives in an ancient log house at Bell's Cove, a few miles from Buck Hill.

When a rare visitor seeks him out to ask about the phantom, he only shrugs. "A freak waterfall—sucking air in some hole," he says vaguely. But even as he dismisses what might have been a million-dollar wonderland, his eyes shift and he looks away.

Answerable Enigmas



TWO TRICK questions—to which there could obviously be no answers—were included in a certain very scientific intelligence test. The first was: "How long is a piece of string?" The second: "How far can a dog run into the woods?"

Embarrassment and chagrin ran rampant among the questioners, however, when a smart lad answered them thus: "A piece of string is twice as long as the distance between its center and either end." And: "A dog can run only halfway into the woods. After that he is running out of the woods."

The two questions were quickly dropped! —ANDREW MEREDITH

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Cotton IS STILL KING

by MADELYN WOOD

America's most important single crop is also proving to be its most versatile one

ONE DAY HOPE SKILLMAN, a textile expert, walked into the salon of a famous dress designer and unrolled a bolt of cloth. The designer eagerly fingered the shimmering stuff. "Beautiful!" he said. "What is it made of?"

When he heard the answer, he gasped, "I can't believe it!"

The designer who turned that glamorous new cotton fabric into formals for which women cheerfully paid $250 was not the only one to be surprised at the amazing things that are happening to a commonplace substance we take for granted.

A North Carolina fire chief received a similar surprise when lightning struck a frame house. The blaze that followed burned off the roof, but it never reached the lower part of the house: a thin barrier of cotton stopped the flames.

These are just two of the eye-popping items in the bag of tricks science is conjuring out of nature's most miraculous fiber. In an age of marvelous synthetic fibers, cotton still is king, challenging all comers to equal its fabulous feats.

Its talents are concealed behind more than a score of names applied to completely different fabrics. Denim, corduroy, chambray, chintz, cretonne, percale, muslin, organdy, piqué, flannel, broadcloth, seersucker, gauze, canvas—it seems incredible that they all come from the same fiber. No wonder we use ten billion yards of cotton cloth a year.

But the breath-taking versatility of cotton does not stop with textiles. Those fiber-laden bolls turn out to be full of unsuspected chemical wonders. Now you can drive a car with a cotton steering wheel, row a cotton boat, and swim in a cotton pool. Chemical magic also turns cotton into films for your camera, linoleum for your floors, and paint for your house. You even eat cotton in several common food products!

Hailed as the most important single crop in American agriculture,

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cotton is grown on one of every four farms in the U. S. This vast cotton belt of 22,000,000 acres stretches from Virginia to California, occupies one-fourth of the land area of the nation, and in a single year yields a staggering cash crop valued at $1,500,000,000.

Amazing though cotton may be, science is now busy giving it new aptitudes. A few years ago, Department of Agriculture experts began testing different kinds of insulation, including low-grade cotton fibers. The astonished scientists found that this cotton equaled or bettered all the other commonly used insulating materials, some of which weighed ten times as much.

But there would be no market for insulation that was not flameproof, so the researchers went to work with different chemical treatments. You could see how well they succeeded if you watched a couple of textile experts in a demonstration.

One applies a blowtorch to a piece of cotton insulation which his colleague holds in front of his face. Despite the 1,800-degree temperature of the flame, nothing happens to either the cotton or the man's face.

Chemists feel they are just getting started on this exciting business of giving cotton new qualities. You take the absorbency of a cotton towel for granted, but chemists don't. They are hard at work in a dozen laboratories, seeking to make towels absorb twice as much water as they do now and still feel dry.

They have even thought up the idea of the cotton sponge, putting an end to the old jokes about the surgeon forgetting to remove a sponge from the patient. Made of a special cotton, this highly absorbent surgical sponge can be left in the patient; having served its purpose, it is absorbed by the body.

While chemists are busy remaking cotton in the laboratories, agriculturalists are doing the same in the field. When D. Howard Doane, manager of vast farm enterprises, asked a major rubber company: "Would you buy American cotton for your tires if it was as good as Egyptian?" the company's officials looked dubious.

"We would," they answered, "but we've never heard of an American cotton with the long, strong fibers we need."

"I'll be back," Doane predicted.

It took years of patient plant breeding on Doane's 7,000-acre farm in Mississippi, but one day John Oakley, the man Doane had picked to find a new cotton for tires, sent samples to the rubber factories.

"Amazing!" was the response. "This stuff is better than the Egyptian variety." Now your car can roll along on tires with cords of tough, home-grown cotton.

FOR YEARS, the golden oil squeezed from cottonseeds was a drug on the market. It was edible and made an excellent cooking oil, but American housewives, used to lard and butter, would buy only limited quantities. Cotton experts knew that it should make popular shortening because it had a priceless quality: it could get much hotter than lard before it smoked. If only it were a solid and not an oil!

The chemists tried pressure, heat, various chemicals, and nothing happened. Then they made a striking discovery. Do the pressing and heat-

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ing in the presence of a trace of nickel dust, and the oil suddenly becomes a solid—the white, creamy substance you know as all-vegetable shortening. Thus a now universally used food was added to the long list of cotton products, which also includes oleomargarine.

The chemists are convinced that we have just begun to discover the edible possibilities of cottonseeds. Already they have created a high-protein cottonseed flour which, combined with other flours, is being widely used in cakes, cookies, and health breads.

When University of Tennessee scientists started to track down jobs for cottonseed hulls, they began wondering if there was any way to turn this material into a usable plastic. They were hardly prepared for their astonishing success.

They found a way to convert it into a plastic, all right. A tiny wheel for use in a textile machine was made of the new material. After revolving enough times to travel a distance of 630,000 miles, carrying a 25-pound load, it showed so little wear that only microscopic measurements showed it was worn at all.

Experts are now predicting that 10,000,000 pounds of once-wasted cottonseed hulls will soon go into this plastic every month, to make super-tough radio cabinets, vacuum-cleaner hoods, automobile parts, and even rowboats, to mention just a few of the thousands of possible uses.

Cotton researchers never know what is going to turn up next. Take the case of a group of chemists who recently set out to find something to stiffen the toes of shoes. When they began tinkering with ways of treating cotton cloth, they hit on the strangest cloth ever created. Sometimes it behaves like cloth, sometimes like a piece of wood.

The delighted chemists would take a piece of it in stiff form and treat it with a solvent. Thereupon it would become soft again. The instant the solvent evaporated, the material once again turned into a substance like wood. They could saw it, drill it, sand it, and paint it.

They still don't know all the things they will be able to use it for, but what they are doing with battered and rusted car fenders gives a hint of the possibilities. They measure a piece of the stuff, dip it in solvent, smooth it over the hole in the metal. In a few minutes it is solid, ready for painting. And when that is done, you can't tell the patched spot from the rest of the car.

Facing Facts

THE OLD MAN was in his last illness and there seemed no point in keeping the truth about his condition from him any longer.

"You're a very sick man," the doctor told him. "I'm sure you would want to know the facts. Now, is there anyone you would like to see?"

Feebly the patient nodded his head. "Yes," he said almost inaudibly. "I'd like to see another doctor."

—JAMES KELLER, *One Moment Please* (Doubleday)

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Grin and

A SALESMAN was trying to sell the young wife an egg-timer. "Your husband's eggs will be just right if you use this," he assured her.

"But I don't need it," she answered brightly. "My husband likes his eggs the way I do them. I just look through the window at the traffic lights and give them three reds and two greens." —*Cape Argus*

THE JUNIOR OFFICER of a ship decided to take some whiskey ashore with him—against regulations, of course. He caught the ship's cat and put her in a suitcase. When the customs inspector stopped him, he explained that he would prefer not to open the bag as the ship's cat might get away.

The inspector with a bored look intimated that he had heard all the excuses there were and would now inspect the suitcase. When it was opened, the cat sprang out and scuttled for the ship, the junior officer in hot pursuit.

Twenty minutes later he reappeared and remarked as he passed the inspector, "The son of a gun won't get away this time!"

—ELEANOR C. WOOD

A PRETTY YOUNG GUEST of a resort hotel in the mountains took a walk through the woods one day and came upon a lovely lake. It seemed ideal for a swim, except for a prominently displayed sign reading: TOWN RESERVOIR. NO SWIMMING ALLOWED. Disregarding the warning, she slipped out of her clothes and was poised for a dive when a man with a large sheriff's star pinned to his shirt stepped from behind the bushes.

"There's a law agin swimmin' in this reservoir, young lady," he told her sternly.

"Why you—, you—" she exclaimed. "Why didn't you tell me before I undressed?"

"Ain't no law agin undressin'," he grinned. —LILLIAN A. OLSON

SHE WAS BITTER, vengeful, and very, very angry. So she wrapped the engagement ring carefully in wadding, tucked it in the box, and addressed it to her former fiancé.

Right next to the address she pasted a label upon which was inscribed in large red letters, "Glass —Handle with Care."—DORCHESTER *Beacon*

MARK TWAIN was once visiting a hill woman who had just given birth to twins. "This one is a girl, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"And is the other one of the contrary sex?"

"Yes, sir, she's a girl, too."

—ALBERT RAPP, *The Origins of Wit and Humor* (E. P. Dutton)

A YOUNG MAN trying to impress his lady love took her to dinner at a fashionable Swedish restaurant in New York. The waiter asked in Swedish what they wished and the young man most nonchalantly be-

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Share It

gan to order. When he had finished, the waiter remarked pleasantly: "Now that you have told me not to rake up the garden, and that your father has gone to seed, would you like to order in English?"

—HELEN GOSHORN

THE TWO YOUNGSTERS knocked at the door of the grandmotherly old lady who lived next to me. "Lady," I heard the ragged spokesman say with an appealing smile, "me and him are only 12 and it's right hard to get jobs. Could we cut your lawn this summer? Your man will be too tired in the evenings!"

There was an affirmative reply and, after negotiations, the boys turned toward my house. I steeled myself to assure them that my very young, new husband would have enough energy at night and that we would have to save money.

The grin that met me at the door was fully as engaging but wiser than I had noticed, for he said, "Morning, Missus. Want us boys to cut your lawn regular, or is your husband gonna be henpecked?"

They got our job, too!

—BETTY N. DICKERSON

A SMALL RURAL CHURCH down in Dixie discovered a regrettable omission in the wording of the tickets to their fish dinner. They had failed to include the very necessary stipulation: "Not Transferable."

But, as usual, there was a smart young fellow on hand to correct the oversight. This he quickly accomplished by posting a large sign at the entrance to the banquet hall. It read: "Nobody admitted unless he comes himself." —ADRIAN ANDERSON

TWO WOMEN were among the spectators watching a skywriter doing his stuff. Said one (a stern-visaged, buxom type) to her friend: "I wonder whatever induced that fool pilot to take up skywriting."

Before her friend could reply, a gentleman standing behind them remarked: "Frustration, lady. No doubt his wife wouldn't let him smoke in the house!" —*Wall Street Journal*

"NOW," BEGAN the lawyer briskly, "how do you wish your will to be drawn?"

"I want to leave everything I possess to my wife," said the long-suffering husband, "*providing she marries within a year.*"

"But why?" exclaimed the puzzled attorney.

"Because I want someone to be sorry I died." —ROSE SHERRY STREETER

Why not be a contributor to "Grin and Share It"? It's easy, it's fun, and it's profitable! Just send along that funny story you heard or read, telling us its source—newspaper, magazine, radio program. Payment for accepted stories will be made upon publication. Address material to "Grin and Share It" Editor, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Grin and Share It" contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

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Mass Murder IN MASSACHUSETTS

by HARRY BOTSFORD

"Operation Big Squirt" is winning its war against an enemy of America's forests

LAST SUMMER, a fleet of sturdy planes and specially equipped helicopters bombed the Cape Cod sector of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, causing millions of deaths every hour in one of the biggest insecticide spraying jobs ever staged against that traditional enemy of forests—the gypsy moth.

The long-suffering citizens of the Commonwealth declared war against the insidious pest many decades ago, but only in the past few years has science produced a lethal and economic spray that has enabled them to attain victory—a mixture of DDT and other materials developed by the Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

The project was called "Operation Big Squirt" and it literally consisted of spraying every acre of land with a standard dosage of one gallon to the acre; the tiny drops were responsible for mass murder of the gypsy moth family, to the cheers of people who had seen their forest reserves dwindle alarmingly.

The trees in the Cape sector were partially or wholly defoliated after the first of July. This had happened for two successive years in the area. A third year and the woodlands would be gone. The toll had been well over $1,500,000 a year, and since 1890, the Commonwealth had suffered damage of $350,000,000.

The gypsy moth is a European emigrant. Back in 1869, a French scientist settled in Medford and launched a fantastic experiment. Silk commanded a premium price and the scientist proposed to cross the fragile Oriental silkworm with the lusty and voracious gypsy moth from Europe. The children of this unholy marriage would be super-silkworms, producing silk in volume so great that the Oriental silkworms would have to go on relief.

During the early stages of this biological excursion, a storm ripped the net enclosing the caterpillars,

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and the insects escaped. They immediately developed a strong appetite for the leaves of oak and other trees. Further, they multiplied at a fantastic rate.

Though the female moth cannot fly, the pest has now taken up residence in seven Eastern states. The eggs may be easily transported by truck, car, cordwood, quarry products—and a small colony quickly grows. Furthermore, the caterpillars are covered with a web of fine hair, and a gust of wind carries them into new areas.

Before the DDT spray and planes teamed up, the fight against the gypsy moth was expensive and difficult. But with planes, no wooded area is inaccessible—and with the new spray, the cost has dropped from $25 an acre to $1, and complete eradication of the pest in some areas has resulted.

The attack last summer was an all-out measure covering 400,000 acres. Two counties, Bristol and Plymouth, were involved in this spray job, calculated to cover every square foot of dry land—towns, homes, farms, villages.

HEADING THE $500,000 project was H. L. Ramsey, Chief Superintendent, Insect Pest Control, State Department of Conservation —a lean, gray, grim individual to whom this was a fight to the finish. Two generations of Ramseys had spent 60 years fighting the gypsy moth, for Ramsey's father once held the post he now filled. But now, for the first time, the Department had the men, money, equipment, and materials needed for victory.

Many organizations engaged in the fight, with which the gypsy-moth control bureau of the U. S. Department of Agriculture cooperated. Most of the appropriation came from the Commonwealth and from residents of the area to be sprayed. The funds were supplied willingly, and there was assurance that if more money was needed, it would be furnished without delay.

At Plymouth airport, in a sandy oval fringed by stunted pines, combat headquarters was set up in a room filled with the maps and special gear needed for "Operation Big Squirt." A battery of tanks and mixing equipment blended the ingredients for the spray compound as carefully as a doctor's prescription. Among other things, 250,000 gallons of kerosene were used.

From headquarters, tank trucks carried the compound to airstrips close to the battle front. The planes were sturdy biplanes that could fly within 50 feet of treetops. Each plane was equipped with special tanks, pressurized pumps, and spray lines. At a flick of a control button, the fog spurted out, covering a swath 50 feet in width.

The job called for complete coordination with the ground crews at the trailer tanks. The planes swooped in and taxied to the tank; men jumped to the job and the planes were swiftly refueled with the deadly spray.

This spraying was a job calling for accuracy, and steps were taken to see that the work *was* accurate. Every day, 8,000 small panes of clear glass, each numbered, were placed in selected spots; within four hours after the spray had been applied they were collected and sent to headquarters. There, a critical examination told whether there had

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been a complete dispersion of the spray. If any lack of dispersion showed, the numbered glass panes, checked with a map, told where a repeat job was needed.

The grim determination of Ramsey was reflected in the entire personnel engaged in the project. And with good reason, since, in the area last year, 163,000 acres of oak were from 25 to 100 per cent depleted.

The postoperative treatment of a sprayed area serves as a cross-check. For this purpose, Ramsey establishes a series of moth traps at strategic points. An audit of his catch tells whether or not the job was thorough.

A test job done in Barnstable County in 1949 appears to have shown perfect results. In this area, extra dividends have already been paid. After the spraying, it was found that a high percentage of ticks and tent caterpillars were gone with the wind. It was a harvest of death for other non-innocent bystanders, such as flies and mosquitoes. The residents of the area are delighted.

Some fear was expressed that the mixture used in "Operation Big Squirt" might be harmful to crops, bees, and poultry. Especially were the beekeepers fearful. So two groups of hives were placed in the same area but in different locations. One was sprayed with a normal dosage of the insecticide; the other received no treatment.

At the end of the year, the two crops of honey were weighed and tasted by impartial judges. There was no difference between them. Following that demonstration, there was unqualified endorsement of the campaign against the gypsy moth even from the beekeepers.

Red Ribs

IN BUDAPEST A man applied for a passport saying he had to leave the country quickly. Asked why, he stated that a new government decree forbade anyone to keep two elephants in his bedroom.

"But surely, you don't keep two elephants in your bedroom?"

"No," he replied, "but how can I ever convince the political police that I don't?" —IRVING HOFFMAN

PAUL PORTER, during an economic mission to Macedonia, made a speech in which he said, "It is a pleasure to be here tonight with you good citizens of Greece. You Greeks and we Americans have very much in common. We like to eat. We like to drink. And we like to sit and talk."

A Communist daily in Greece reported the speech: "Ambassador Porter said that we are just like Americans—gluttons, drunkards, and gossips."

—IRVING J. LEE (*A.D.L. Freedom Pamphlet*)

A FRENCH Communist leader arrived in Moscow for a briefing session. Bags in hand, he approached a taxi outside the railroad station and asked the driver: "Are you free?"

"No," snarled the driver, "I'm Russian." —HILDA HEYM

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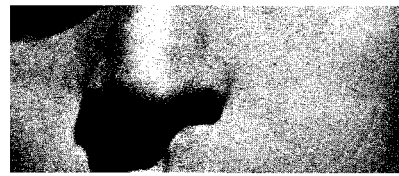

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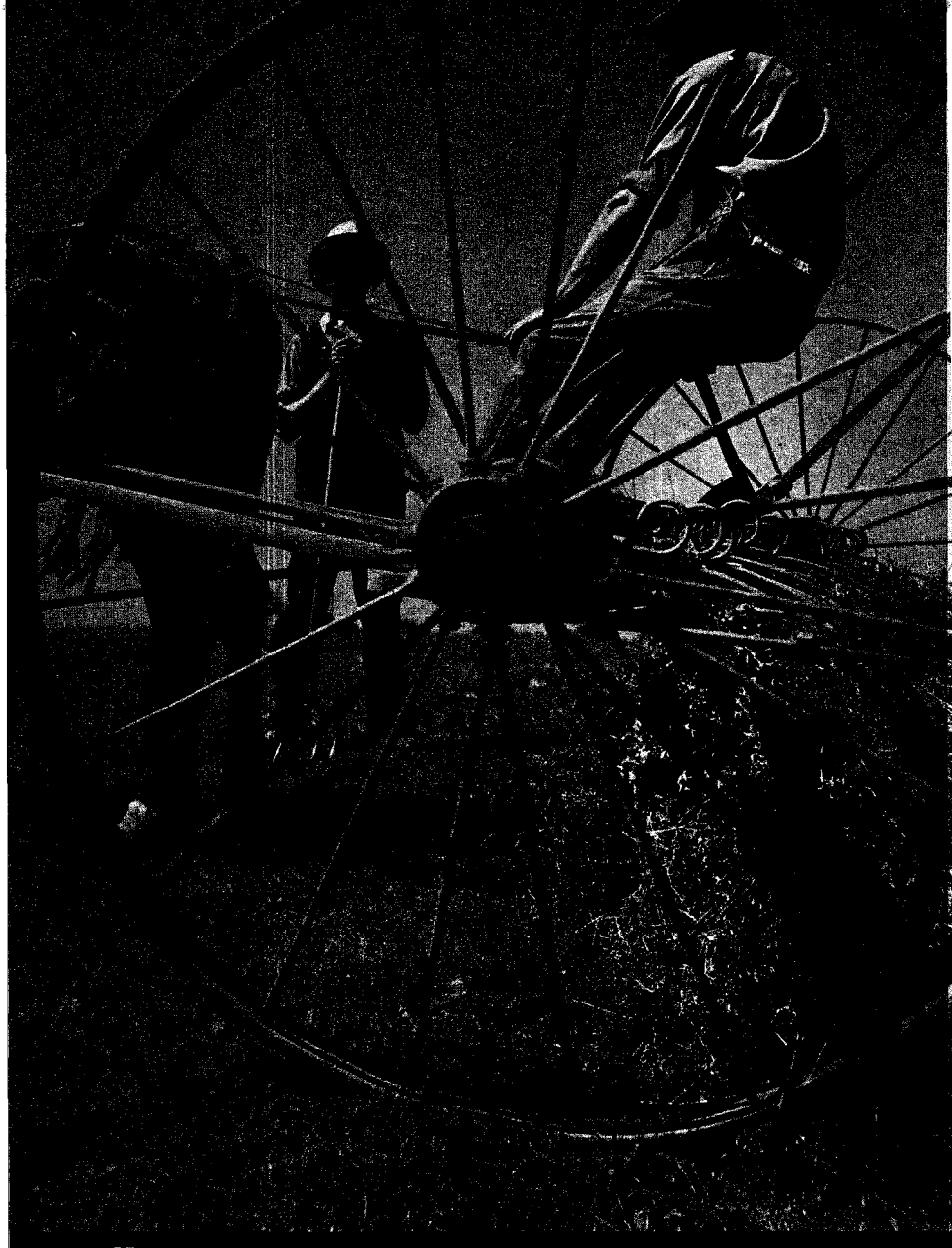

He was born on a farm in the Dakotas . . . or was it a miner's cottage in Pennsylvania . . .

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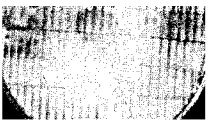

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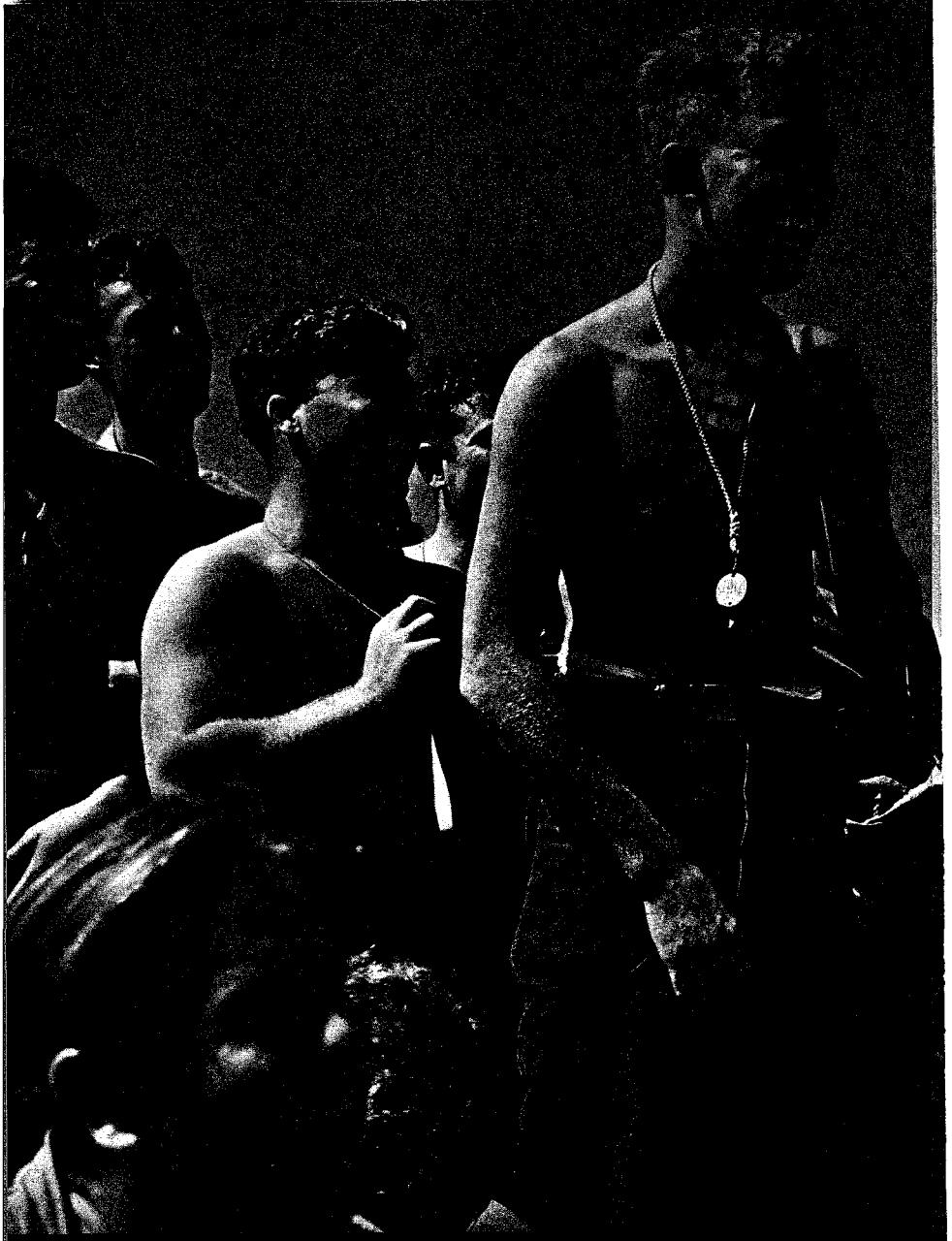

Was he telling a joke, or cursing his sergeant, or writing to his family, when the bullet came? I don't know. For when they picked this man . . .

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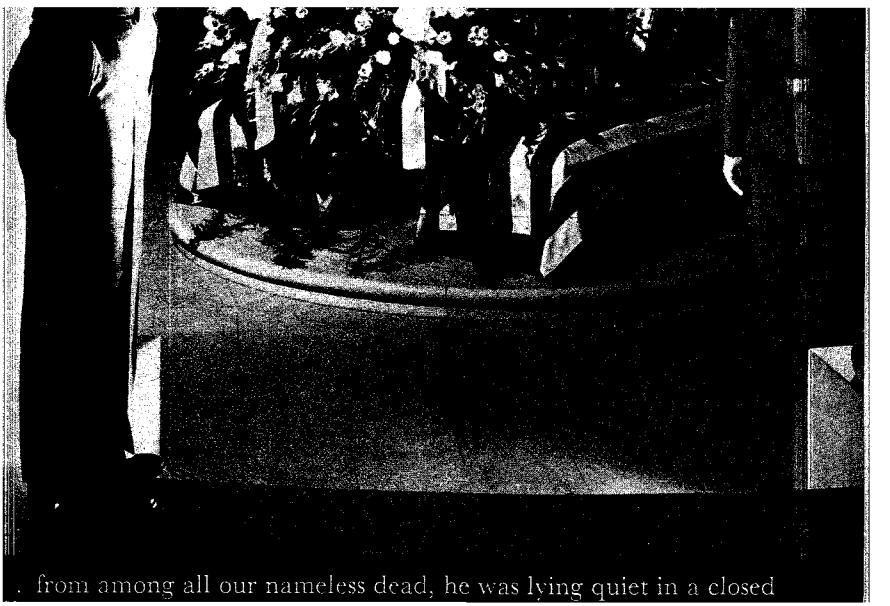

. from among all our nameless dead, he was lying quiet in a closed

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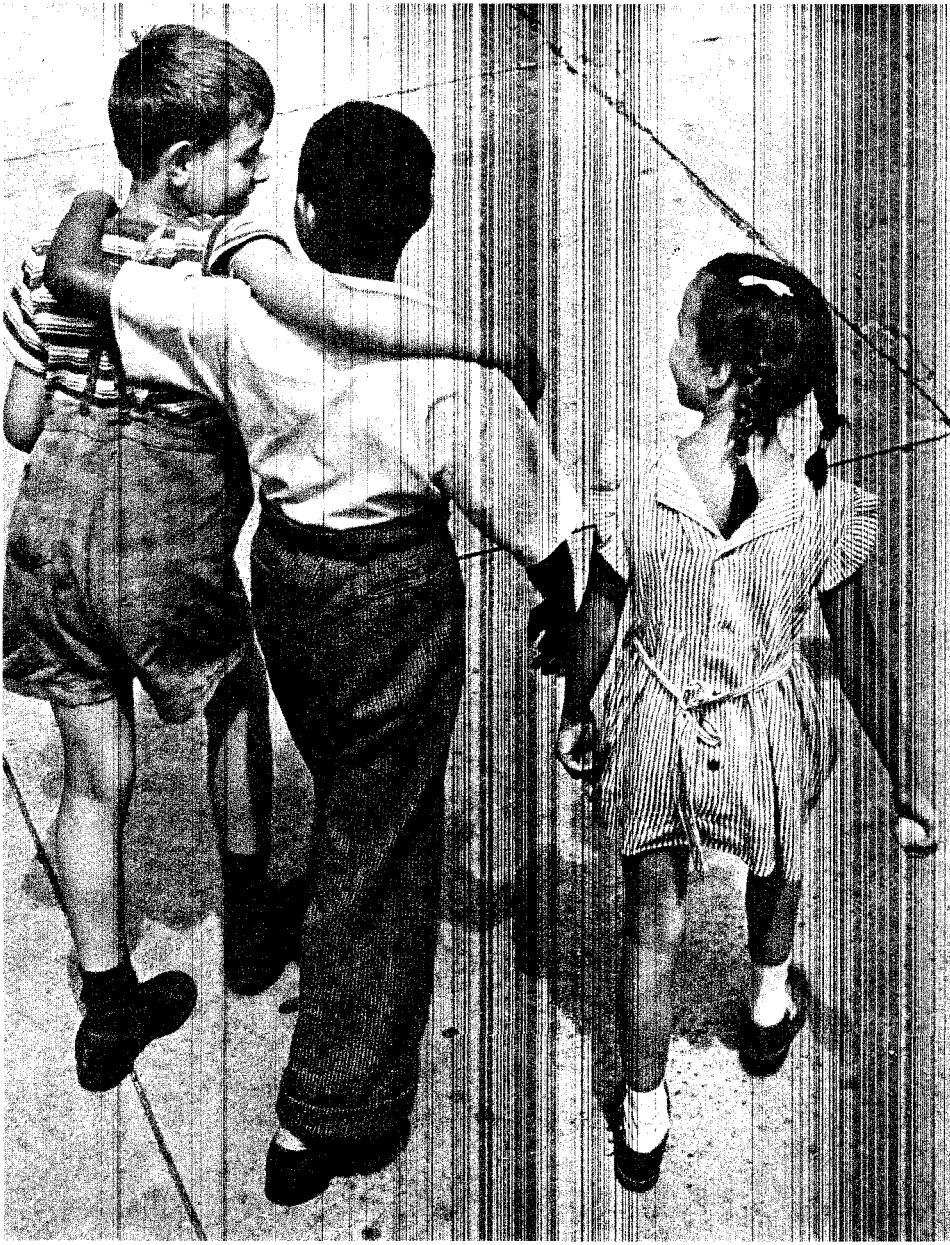

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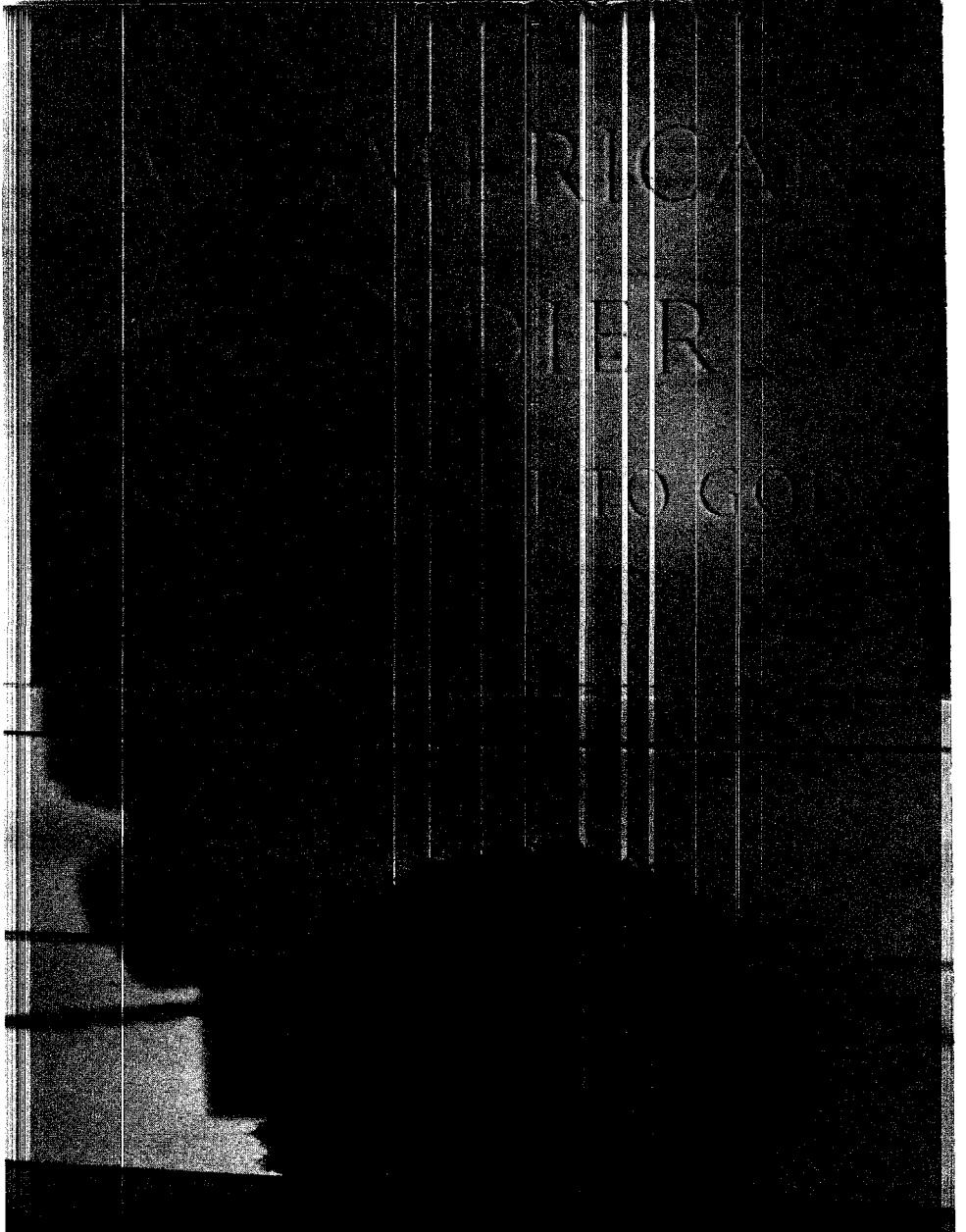

And that is why I stand here with my hat in my hand, reverent at the grave of the stranger who is my brother, my father, my son, my countryman, my friend.

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TALK YOUR FAT AWAY!

by LOUIS I. FREED

An amazing experiment in "group psychotherapy" has achieved miraculous results

A YEAR AGO in Boston, Mrs. X left her doctor's office with a feeling of despair. Despite sincere efforts to lose weight, she was getting heavier. This time, perhaps because he had hoped that humiliation might succeed where everything else had failed, the doctor hadn't even been polite.

"You are obese by practice . . . and apparently by preference," he had said. "None of the diets you've tried in the last three years has done any good, nor have the weight-reducing medicines I've given you. I don't know what more I can do, except suggest that you have a good long look in a mirror—and then a heart-to-heart talk with yourself."

While Mrs. X was being exposed to these discouraging remarks, Mr. Y, an insurance executive, was stepping off the scales in a Boston athletic club.

"You're still putting on weight," the club director told him. "These exercises are only hardening the fat you're carrying. Maybe it's glandular. You ought to see a doctor."

Mr. Y also felt discouraged, because he already had seen not one but many doctors, and had come to look on his daily exercises at the club as a last, weight-losing resort.

In another part of the same city, Miss Z stopped her typing to go to lunch. On the way, she paused at the water cooler and swallowed a pill of dextro-amphetamine. The doctor had said it would help her lose weight—if she also dieted.

At lunch, she self-righteously *did* stick to her diet, but three hours later, feeling tense and nervous, she called up a drugstore and ordered pastry and coffee. "After all," she rationalized, "there's nothing to be gained by reducing myself to a nervous wreck."

A year ago, all three of these unhappy people felt that they had reached the end of the road. Yet today, without benefit of any of the reducing methods which they used to follow so desperately, Mrs. X is 40 pounds lighter, Mr. Y has lost 34, and Miss Z, 28!

A miracle? Yes, in a sense. It can be summed up by the case of Mrs. X. She didn't have the "good long look in a mirror" her doctor suggested. But she did have "heart-to-heart talks"—16 of them, as a matter of fact—though not with herself. She had them with insurance executive Y, with stenographer Z, and with 47 other fat people—men and women in equal despair over fruitless efforts to slim down!

Together, these 50 people con-

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stituted a "class" in "group psychotherapy for weight control," held in a famous Boston clinic. In 16 weeks, this "class" lost 1,200 pounds! Meeting only once a week for an hour a day, its 50 "students" literally talked themselves into becoming healthier, happier individuals.

WHAT IS "group psychotherapy?" The technique, basically, is nothing more than putting to work the adage: "Misery loves company." People who have a problem in common get together and freely discuss it without fear of mockery. In doing so, they are stimulated to compete with each other in accomplishing a common objective, while each individual develops a feeling of mutual understanding and support.

The idea of using "group psychotherapy" in weight-reduction is the brain child of Dr. Albert L. Chapman, former chief of the Division of Chronic Disease, U. S. Public Health Service. His interest in the matter was aroused by a mountain of evidence, proving that fat people are more susceptible to disease than are those of normal girth.

One of the most interesting findings was the fact that fat people, contrary to popular belief, are neither characteristically happy nor lazy. At least 90 per cent of the ones interviewed were found to be active, hard-working, ambitious, intelligent—and unhappy. All had deep and sometimes unrecognizable casts of loneliness, resulting either from hidden resentments or critical self-doubting.

Dr. Chapman was sure that whatever was bothering fat people, the "irritant was being messaged to the stomach in the form of a craving for food." He concluded that "nerves" and worry, far from ruining the appetite, cause many to eat irregularly and frequently—more than their bodies require. Thus, since obesity is often a psychological problem, why not try to cure it through "group psychotherapy"?

Chapman decided to make the pilot study at the Boston Dispensary of the New England Medical Center, because it was famous, through the work of Dr. Joseph H. Pratt, for explorations in experimental group therapy.

Marjorie Grant, who had just come to the Public Health Service from the Orient, where she had directed UNRRA food programs, was placed in charge of the experiment. And Drs. Stanley Kanter and Benjamin Kotkov, whose interest was assured not only by previous experience in group therapy but by the fact that each was on the stoutish side, were assigned to work with her.

For three months, Miss Grant called on the Center's doctors, asking them to refer obese patients to her. Many obliged, but few patients showed up: they were afraid of being treated like guinea pigs.

Then the big break came. Marjorie Shea, the Center's public-relations officer, heard about Miss Grant's difficulties. Next day, Boston's major radio stations and newspapers featured the story of the impending experiment in weight control. As a result, the Clinic's switchboard was jammed with calls and a long line of people was on hand to "register for the course."

But Miss Grant's troubles were still not over. The 200 "enrollees," who included the insurance executive mentioned above, clerks, house-

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wives, schoolteachers, and others from all walks of life, were uncomfortable in each other's company. They began to cut classes. Soon there were only 100 left—by chance, 50 in each group.

The program was divided into three phases: 1) to get each person in the groups to talk about other people and their problems, then 2) about his or her own family, and finally—when preliminary conversations had begun to break down inhibitions—3) about himself, his own fears, anxieties, tensions, dislikes, and so on.

Mrs. X, for example, said: "My husband works nights. I wish he didn't have to. I'm afraid to stay home alone." She had failed to realize it, but this fear lay at the root of her obesity. For during those lonely nights she had fallen into the habit of "nibbling now and then—just to keep my courage up."

During phase 3, Mr. Y also stumbled on the cause of his excess poundage. "I get to worrying whether I'm doing my job well," he revealed. "Yet a man in my position can't afford to feel or look worried." And how had he handled the situation? "Well," he told his group, "I get completely relaxed when I'm well stocked with food."

As for Miss Z: "I'm afraid to date because I don't dance very well," she confided. "But I'm so bored with my office routine, I hate to go to bed at night. So I knock myself out with a glass of milk or piece of cake or something."

It also was during the third and final phase that members of the groups were encouraged to help each other with suggestions for overcoming their troubles. For instance, Mrs. X was told that she "ought to get a big dog—a boxer or shepherd—that will guard you." To this suggestion she attributes her weight loss. She automatically stopped "nibbling" when the dog began to occupy her attention and gave her a feeling of protection.

In the discussion of Mr. Y's case, one woman member of the group said, "Why do you worry about how well you're doing your job? You wouldn't have gone so high if you *hadn't* been doing well." The suggestion worked.

"I eat normally now," he told Miss Grant. "I don't worry, and my self-assurance about my work has been strengthened by advancement to a higher post."

Miss Z's case was resolved by the simplest of suggestions: "Why not try a dancing school?" When she did, her dancing improved and the fat began to melt away.

The tendency of the groups was to demand authoritative answers from Drs. Kanter and Kotkov. But, like skillful umpires, the two leaders kept the game among the players. All questions were referred to the groups for answer.

The combined weight loss of both groups was in excess of one ton! And Miss Grant's follow-up interviews show that all but a few of the die-hard finalists are maintaining their weight loss.

The record of accomplishment in the use of "group psychotherapy for weight control" is considered remarkable, not only by those who participated in the experiment but also by medical men generally. So pleased is Dr. Chapman with the results that he anticipates that many city and state health departments

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will inaugurate similar experimental groups. As he sees it, there is no reason why neighborhood weight-reducing classes cannot be started in fraternal organizations, trade unions, business firms, and so on. He points out that the group leader need not be a doctor. "Any intelligent person can assume the leadership," he says.

To help such group leaders, Miss Grant has prepared a "Weight Control Group Leader's Manual." It is being published by the Public Health Service, and soon will be available to the public.

"The only way to lick a problem is to be equal to it—not by eating your way through it," says Dr. Chapman. "Whatever is bothering you, talk it out with others who have similar problems. Digest it in the mind, not in the stomach!"

(If you are interested in obtaining the *Weight Control Group Leader's Manual*, write directly to Dr. Robert J. Anderson, chief of Division of Chronic Disease, U. S. Public Health Service, Washington, D. C., enclosing ten cents in stamps.)

Watch Your Alibis!

by Douglas Lurton

Alibis and excuses are the pills we use to deaden and conceal the pain of our shortcomings, failures, and frustrations. But we should not become too adept at rationalizing. To paraphrase J. P. Morgan, a man has two reasons for doing or not doing a thing: one that sounds good, and a real one.

Let us examine a few of our more or less common false excuses:

Alibi: The traffic light was green when I started to cross the intersection.

Truth: It was turning. You were in a hurry and took a chance.

Alibi: You have to have pull in our office, and so I didn't get the promotion.

Truth: You're not too competent at your present job, and ignore the fact that most men and women get ahead without pull.

Alibi: I don't read many good books because I haven't the time.

Truth: You think good books are dull and greatly prefer "whodunits," radio, and television.

Alibi: Men are untrustworthy, and I'm too intelligent and discriminating to kid them along as other girls do, just to be popular.

Truth: You are self-centered, shy, afraid of men, and deeply jealous of popular girls.

Alibi: I don't go to church Sundays because I had an overdose as a child, the minister annoys me, and too many hypocrites attend.

Truth: You can't be bothered, you prefer to sleep Sunday mornings, and also you feel uncomfortable in church surroundings.

Alibi: Well you see, Boss, Frank rushed me for other reports, and I didn't have time to . . .

Truth: You forgot all about it.

Alibi: I'd really like to save money, but my barest needs take every penny.

Truth: You want to have money but refuse to save it.

Alibi: I haven't the time for the many things I want to do.

Truth: You have 24 hours a day.

Write down some of your own pet excuses and those of people you know. Then examine them realistically, and expose the sneaky little evaders for what they are.

From *The Power of Positive Living*, by Douglas Lurton. Copyright, 1950, and published by McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., 330 West 42nd Street, New York 18, N. Y.

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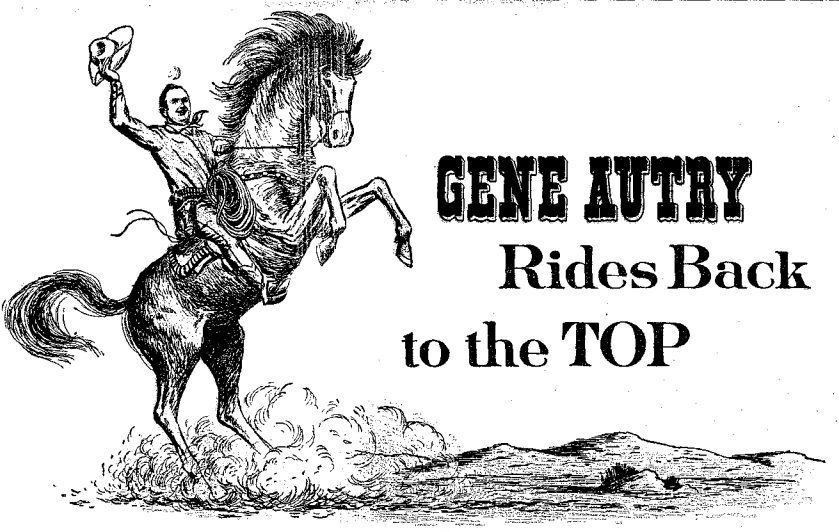

GENE AUTRY Rides Back to the TOP

by CAROL HUGHES

The happy-go-lucky cowboy of movies, radio, and TV is really a shrewd businessman

GENE AUTRY has just about slugged his way back to reclaim his old movie and radio advertisement as "The World's Champion Cowboy." The use of the word *slugged*, which might bring a gentle reprimand from his fans, is no error in the minds of movie exhibitors, producers, and any executive from a certain Hollywood studio who gets within "shootin' range" of Autry.

While Gene plays the role of the good, happy-go-lucky, singing cowboy in radio, movies, and television, his private life is something different. In it is incorporated some of the granite from the hill backgrounds of his productions; a goodly portion of old-fashioned contrariness; and an even-greater amount of the persistence necessary to track down the thieving rustlers who have done some honest rancher wrong.

Gene in the saddle and Gene at the conference table bear about the same resemblance as a mule to a Constellation plane. One of the richest men in the country, he is still determined to earn a few million more. But the desire does not stem entirely from Gene's love of money: it goes deeper into the personality of the man.

When each Sunday at 7 P.M. EST the Columbia Broadcasting System gives forth with the nostalgic strains of *Back in the Saddle Again*, and the announcer's mellow voice brings forth the image of Gene Autry riding Champion across lonely Western ranges, three things are taking place almost simultaneously.

Several million enchanted children are settling down to watch their idol go forth on television to teach the badman of the West that crime does not pay. At the same time, a grim Gene Autry is scanning this production for flaws and planning bigger and better shows;

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across the country too, some thousands of movie exhibitors are gnashing their teeth over the determined way in which their box-office attraction is betraying movies for TV.

While the world of the cowboy has been plodding along calmly on the old time-tested plots, Gene has gone far afield. A look at his activities for 1950 would startle a business tycoon. Gene has supervised, financed, and starred in 26 original TV films. He has made six feature-length pictures, released through Columbia Corporation; had a half-hour a week on television, likewise on radio; toured major U.S. cities with his Western variety show; hopped on planes from state to state supervising eight ranches; kept an eye on his 57 oil wells; taken care of the operation of his two radio stations; made some 20 phonograph records; and taken an executive position in the publishing company which turns out more than a million Gene Autry comic books a year. Also, he has found time to collect royalties on more than 75 products that bear his name—jeans, boots, shirts, cowboy suits.

THE STORY BEHIND this colossal one-man business is made up of several factors, none of which exactly detracts from the homespun, placid picture of Gene which has been built in the nation's mind. Gene *is* homespun and placid in pictures and television. And, at times, in his private and public life, too. But when Autry gets his dander up, he is as placid as a tornado.

This dual personality became more apparent when Gene returned from World War II. Four compelling reasons sent him riding back toward the top. One was a certain Hollywood studio specializing in Westerns; another was a certain singing cowboy; the third was the attitude of movie exhibitors toward his films; the fourth was that tenacity that brought him from an $8-a-week job to Hollywood fame.

The actual story started when Gene volunteered his services for the war. He was kingpin on the Republic lot at the time—his pictures outdrew those of any other Western star. But Autry served many weary desk months in the Air Force, while devoting his spare time to acquiring a pilot rating. Finally he made it, and ferried planes to India, Burma, and Africa.

Meanwhile, his old studio was spending $2,000,000 to build up a new Western singing star, Roy Rogers. Now, Gene held no personal grudge against Rogers; in fact, the two are good friends. Still, the friendship did not lessen Autry's determination to be a bigger and better cowboy than ever.

This resolve brought out the stubbornness in Gene's personality. Republic held a long-term contract under which he was supposed to make pictures for them—or not at all. Autry set out to break with Republic, or go broke himself.

After some labyrinthian verbiage between lawyers, Gene took the case to court. The final result was that he made two more pictures for Republic, after which he was free of his contract.

Now it was that Gene showed his faith in himself and his future. He formed his own movie company and made a deal with Columbia by which he would put up half the money for his productions if they

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would furnish the other half and release the pictures.

Before long, he found he had two million tied up in pictures and nothing coming in. Since his new pictures cost more, he had to get a higher price from exhibitors. But to his dismay he found that exhibitors were booking his prewar Westerns.

At this juncture, Gene announced his intention of going into television. Then he pulled a master stroke by making the first TV feature-length Western films. With their release, the fur began to fly.

While Autry was making personal appearances in New York with his rodeo troupe, the movie exhibitors held a convention in Pittsburgh. Through the grapevine, Autry heard they were about to ban his pictures as a result of his television "betrayal." He hopped a plane and, uninvited, walked on the platform to face his accusers.

"When I came back after three years in the Army," he told them, "I found that my old studio had spent $2,000,000 to build up a rival Western star. But I couldn't get one of you to help me out."

Then, in softer language, he asked the exhibitors to give him a chance at the box office. If he found that his TV appearances were hurting his box-office appeal, he would call them off. Autry sent the exhibitors away with a new respect for this outspoken cowboy star.

GENE AUTRY has come a long way from the range. None of it has been easy. Gene was born in Tioga, Texas, where his father owned a small ranch. The father provided horses for his four children to ride, and the mother inspired the type of home life that brought in the neighbors to gather around an old-fashioned organ and sing ballads in the evening. Gene sang in the church choir, attended a one-room schoolhouse, and played baseball.

Since his father shipped livestock, Gene hung around the railroad station. One of the telegraph operators taught him the Morse code, and as soon as he finished high school Gene got a job as part-time operator in Oklahoma. "I always had the graveyard shift," he recalls wryly, "from midnight to dawn."

One night, while he was passing the time plunking a mail-order guitar, a stranger walked in to send a wire. The man was about 45 years old, dressed in old clothes and a slouch hat. "Boy, knock me off a tune," he said placidly.

Gene gave forth with voice and guitar. When he finished, the man said, "You're wasting your time here. Why don't you get out and head for radio?"

Thrilled at such praise, Gene looked at the wire. It was signed Will Rogers.

Gene headed for New York City, where he settled down in a room at the Y.M.C.A. with the Manhattan telephone directory. He copied a list of recording studios and for four weeks tramped the streets, vainly trying to get an audition.

Sitting one day in a studio reception room, desperate and almost broke, he decided to play for the switchboard operator. Politely she listened, as did a man who walked in. When he finished, Leonard Joy, an executive, told him to come back within a week and try a recording.

For a week, the hard-working Gene never left his room except to

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eat—practicing night and day. When he made the record, Joy told him: "Your voice is all right, but you have no confidence. Come back to see me in a year."

Autry returned to Tulsa, and got the director of the radio station to let him sing regularly for nothing. Then he went back to his old job as telegraph operator.

Working with him was Jimmy Long, a would-be song writer. One day they gave birth to a melancholy ditty called *That Silver-Haired Daddy of Mine*, the first of some 200 songs that Gene has since had a hand in writing. It was this tearful number that took Gene back to New York, where the American Record Company recorded it.

That one song opened up the whole rich field of movie, radio, and recording to Gene. The American Record Company had film interests in Hollywood and sold records through Sears Roebuck in Chicago. Sears hired Gene for a 15-minute program on WLS for $35 a week.

The record was also indirectly responsible for getting Autry a wife. On a visit to Jimmy Long's home in Springfield, Gene met Ina Mae Spivey, Jimmy's niece. A few weeks later, when Gene had a theater date in St. Louis, the Longs and Ina Mae came over to spend the week end. When Jimmy and his wife left to visit relatives, Gene said: "Ina Mae, let's get married."

They did just that. He was 22, she was 18. They have remained two of the most devoted people in show business. Today, Gene says: "Ina Mae is a wonderful person—the kind who always remembers only the good things about people. Also, she can criticize my work with constructive thinking. Maybe it's a queer trait to combine with prettiness, gaiety, good humor, and extra-fine housekeeping. But maybe it's less queer than we men are in the habit of thinking."

When Gene finally went to Hollywood, he might have missed his big chance had it not been for Ina Mae. At the time, a producer specializing in Westerns came up with the super-colossal idea of a singing cowboy. It had never been tried. Digging around for a possibility, someone found Gene's phonograph record. They sent for him.

Since Gene had no acting experience, the star role went to Ken Maynard. Autry was assigned two songs and a few lines. At the preview, Gene and Ina Mae waited tensely for his big scene.

When Gene viewed the sour-looking cowpoke character he played, he grabbed Ina Mae. "Let's get out of here!" Outside on the street, he added, "Let's go back to Chicago fast and get my job back before they release that thing."

"You'll do no such thing," said Ina Mae. "You're not as bad as you think you are."

Gene not only survived—the rest is history. In his next film, *Tumbling Tumbleweeds*, he was the star of the first romantic singing Western. It put Gene at the top, and restored a sinking studio to solvency. Using the same plot, and diluting the formula with songs, Gene made 60 pictures and plenty of money.

THE FORMULA for saddle heroes is pretty rigid, and demands an offstage performance equal at all times to the screen one. The task is not too difficult for Gene, since his

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private life is unmarked by scandal. He chews gum unashamedly in any crowd, does not smoke, is seldom seen in night spots, has a reputation for unquestioned honesty and integrity. He talks quietly and forcefully, with little cowboy twang. Ina Mae says: "Gene never reveals any great emotion."

This was borne out the day his house caught fire. He had just started to ride Champion, his wonderful horse, into the rodeo ring in Boston when his Hollywood agent called to shout: "Gene, your house is burning down!"

Autry asked: "Anybody hurt?"

"No, but your house is burning to the ground!"

"Well, I can't put it out from here," said Gene quietly, and rode back into the ring.

Autry has few close friends in Hollywood. His social and business life revolves around his working cohorts, plus an occasional evening with John Wayne and a few cronies from Republic. Gene's greatest assets are hard work and self-discipline. He answers the sometimes-jealous criticism of his hard-earned millions by saying: "I have never made a dollar in my life without working for it."

Autry is more handsome in person than on the screen. He still looks like a cowboy—with all the refinements. Chunky, slim-hipped, tanned skin, bright blue eyes, light brown hair usually falling over his forehead, he always has a fresh-scrubbed look. Weighing about 160 pounds, he is one of the best and most expensively dressed cowboys in history. At the Stork or the Colony in Manhattan, Gene is the most elegantly groomed, smoothest-booted range rider that ever stepped on a plush carpet.

Asked how many cowboy suits he owns, he replied, "Oh, 50 to 75." Each suit costs at least $250, and his full wardrobe represents an investment of more than $25,000.

Gene's well-paid publicity department takes good care of his fan mail and other such activities. They pulled their biggest coup when they got Berwyn, Oklahoma, to change its name to Gene Autry.

This took a bit of doing, since the Governor had to approve, and the U. S. post office and each resident had to sign a paper of approval. Old-line residents still shake their heads in awe as they recall the spectacle of 65,000 people pouring into the town for the dedication.

On this sort of popularity, Autry is back at the top today. He never thinks of himself as being lucky, but admits that a combination of hard work and the good old American way can add up to plenty of mileage for a cowboy and his horse.

Smiling in his droll way, Gene says: "Today my Beechcraft plane competes with Champion."

Timely Question

THE LITTLE BOY peered over the edge of the stationery counter at the ten-cent store and asked hopefully: "Have you any blank report cards?" —E. A. CHAFFEE

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I WAS SAVED FROM THE TITANIC

by LADY DUFF GORDON

This gripping first-hand story recaptures the horror of a great disaster at sea

A GREAT LINER stealing through the vast loneliness of the Atlantic, the sky jeweled with stars and a thin wind blowing ever colder straight from the ice fields, tapping its warning of approaching danger on the cosily shuttered portholes of the cabins, causing the lookout man to strain his eyes into the gloom.

Inside this floating palace, that spring evening in 1912, warmth and lights, the hum of voices, the gay lilt of a German waltz—the unheeding sounds of a small world bent on pleasure. Then disaster, swift and overwhelming—a story of horror unparalleled in the annals of the sea . . .

It is only now, after so long, that I can bring myself to look back to that terrible last night on board the doomed *Titanic*. For years the horror was too vivid to bear the searchlight of memory. I had only to close my eyes to see the rows of lighted portholes extinguished slowly row by row, until they sank under the black waters—to hear the hideous clamor that spread over the quiet sea.

I had not meant to sail on the *Titanic*, although urgent business called me to New York. To this day I cannot explain my reluctance when the clerk at the White Star offices said: "The only berths we have are on our new *Titanic*, which will be making her maiden voyage."

"Oh, I should not care to cross on a new ship," I told him. "I should be nervous."

He laughed. "Why, the boat is unsinkable! Her watertight compartments would enable her to weather the fiercest sea, and she is the last word in comfort and luxury."

In spite of his arguments, I refused to book my berth, and went home and told my husband Cosmo of my fears. He laughed, too, but when he realized I was in earnest he offered to come with me.

The first days of the crossing were uneventful. Like everyone else I was

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entranced with the beauty and luxury of the liner. I remember being childishly pleased at finding fresh strawberries on my breakfast table.

Everything aboard this lovely ship was reassuring, from the genial Captain Smith and his 25 years' experience as a White Star commander, to my merry Irish stewardess, with her tales of timid ladies she had attended during hundreds of Atlantic crossings.

And yet, nothing could persuade me to undress completely at night, and my warm wraps lay always ready at hand, along with my most treasured possessions.

The day of the disaster dawned calm and bright, but as it wore on the cold increased. At evening, as we walked round the deck, I shivered in my furs. "I have never felt so cold," I said to Cosmo. "Surely there must be icebergs around."

He made fun of my ignorance, and Captain Smith, who happened to be passing, assured us that we were far from the ice zone.

Miss Francatelli, my secretary, and I went into my cabin to get warm, but it was no use. When we three went down to dinner, we kept on our thick clothes.

I well remember that last meal on the *Titanic*. We had a big vase of beautiful daffodils on the table, as fresh as if they had just been picked. Everybody was gay, and people were making bets on the probable time of this record-breaking voyage. Bruce Ismay, chairman of the White Star Line, was at the next table, and he said undoubtedly the ship would establish a record.

At another table sat Col. John Jacob Astor and his young bride, coming back to New York after a honeymoon in Europe. I thought how much in love they were—poor things, it was the last few hours they were to have together.

They were joined by Isidor Straus, the multimillionaire, and his wife. These two so openly adored one another that we called them "Darby and Joan" on the ship. They told us laughingly that in their long years of married life they had never been separated for a day or night. Nor were they separated in death, for Mrs. Straus chose to die with her husband rather than leave the stricken ship without him.

AFTER DINNER, we went to our cabins on A deck. I had been in bed an hour when I was awakened by a funny rumbling noise. Then the boat stopped, and there was the frightful sound of escaping steam. I heard people running along the deck outside my cabin, but they were laughing. "We must have hit an iceberg," I heard someone say. "There is ice on deck!"

I went to Cosmo's cabin and woke him. "Don't be ridiculous," he said. "Even if we have grazed an iceberg, it can't do serious damage. Go back to bed and don't worry."

I returned to my cabin but the roar of steam still alarmed me. Presently it stopped and there came an infinitely more frightening silence. The engines had stopped. I rushed back to Cosmo.

He got out of bed unwillingly, but in ten minutes he was back, looking grave. "I have just seen Colonel Astor," he said. "He is going to ask his wife to dress, and I think you had better do the same."

I hurriedly put on my warmest clothes, including a thick coat. As

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I was dressing, Miss Francatelli came into the room, very agitated. "There is water in my cabin," she said, "and they are taking the covers off the lifeboats."

Just then, a steward knocked. "Sorry to alarm you, madame, but Captain's orders are that all passengers must put on life belts."

Before we followed him out of the cabin, as I looked round it for the last time, a vase of flowers on the washstand slid off and fell with a crash to the floor.

On the port side was a scene of indescribable horror. Boats were being lowered in a pandemonium of rushing figures fighting for places, tearing at each other, trampling women and children underfoot. Over the confusion the voices of the ship's officers roared.

"Women and children first! Stand back!" Then I heard the sharp bark of a revolver.

"Come, dear," my husband said. "I must get you to the boats."

While I clung to him, insisting that nothing on earth would make me leave, people rushed by us headlong to get away from the hell of that struggling, yelling mob. There were heart-rending shrieks as one boat, too hurriedly launched, upset and its occupants were shot into the black water below.

"Come, let us try the starboard side," said Cosmo calmly. "It may be better there."

It was better: there were crowds, but there was no confusion. The boats were being quietly filled with women, while a number of officers and male passengers helped to launch them. When two officers tried to force me into a boat, I refused. Cosmo pleaded with me, but I only said: "Promise me that you will not let them separate us!"

Seeing it was no use resisting, he gave in, and we stood waiting with Miss Francatelli, who refused to leave us. Suddenly we saw that everyone in the vicinity had disappeared, except for some sailors who were launching a little boat. Seeing nobody else about, my husband asked the officer whether we might get into it, and on receiving his permission, we were helped in, followed by two American men who came up at the last moment.

I shall never forget how black and deep and forbidding the water looked below, and how I hated leaving the big, homely ship for this frail little boat. The officer called his last instructions.

"Pull away as quickly as possible, at least two hundred yards!"

Just as we touched the water I looked back. I could see a man on deck sending off rockets. As we rowed out into the darkness, I fixed my eyes on the *Titanic*.

I could see her dark hull towering like a giant hotel, light streaming from every porthole. As I looked, one row of these shining windows was extinguished. I guessed the reason and turned shudderingly away. When I forced myself to look again, still another row had disappeared.

"My God, she's going now!" Cosmo cried.

I saw the few remaining lights of the *Titanic* shining with steady brilliance, but only for a moment, and then they were gone. A dull explosion shook the air. From the doomed vessel there arose an indescribable clamor. I think it was only at this moment that many of

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those poor souls on board realized their fate.

A louder explosion followed and the stern of the great ship shot out of the water. For a few seconds she stayed motionless while the agonized cries grew in intensity, and then, with one awful downward rush, she plunged to her grave and the air was rent with awful shrieks.

I LAPSED into a sort of unconsciousness, from which I was aroused by dreadful seasickness which persisted through the rest of the night. Between bouts of sickness, I could see the dark shadows of icebergs surrounding us.

Once or twice I revived a little, and when the men rested on their oars for a few minutes, we chatted of little unimportant things, as people do when they have been through a great mental strain. We had nothing to eat, but Cosmo found cigars in his pocket and shared them with the other men. They had only two matches, but somehow they managed to light the cigars and the smoke was reassuring.

Towards morning the sea began to get rough; as dawn broke, we saw rows of "white horses" racing towards our little boat, beautiful but very alarming. Then two lights showed on the horizon, and grew gradually bigger until they resolved themselves into the outline of an approaching steamer, the *Carpathia*.

I shall never forget the beauty of that April dawn, stealing over the cold Atlantic, lighting up the icebergs till they looked like giant opals. As we saw other boats rowing alongside, we imagined that most passengers on the *Titanic* had been saved like us; not one of us even guessed the appalling truth, that more than 1,500 of the 2,224 on board had perished.

As we drew beside the *Carpathia*, the dreadful experiences we had gone through seemed to have passed away like a nightmare.

The moment I stepped on the *Carpathia's* deck, a motherly stewardess flung a rug around my shoulders and we were taken below, given brandy and hot coffee, and offered changes of clothing. Soon I was put to bed in a beautiful cabin, which two passengers gave over for Cosmo and myself.

I did not wake until the following morning, and for the moment I forgot the events of the last 48 hours. Then a stewardess came in with tea, and on seeing her instead of my Irish stewardess of the *Titanic*, suddenly everything swept over me in a tide of remembrance.

I saw the *Titanic* as I had last seen her, plunging to her grave under the Atlantic; I heard again those heart-rending cries from her decks; and, burying my face in the pillows, I sobbed uncontrollably. For it was the first time that the full realization of the horrible disaster had come over me.

Dial-a-Word (Answers to puzzle on page 33)

a. Bazaar; b. Vigil; c. Ostrich; d. Yellow; e. Flock; f. Ghetto; g. Mercy; h. Lecture; i. Absent; j. Issue; k. School; l. Between; m. People; n. Ukulele; o. Feather; p. Waste; q. Twelve; r. Enough; s. Veteran; t. Junior.

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THIS EXPERT KNOWS Next Month's Weather

by ALFRED STEINBERG

Wherever climate is translated into dollars, Jerome Namias' forecasts are a must

JOHN L. LEWIS may not realize it, but the U. S. Government decided to end the coal strike in the winter of 1949-50 because of air currents high over the far Pacific. It happened something like this:

Early in February, 1950, President Truman held a long conference with his labor advisers. "As far as I can see," Mr. Truman said finally, "a lot depends on next month's weather. If it's going to stay warm in the East, we'll have enough coal, but if it's going to turn cold, I'll have to declare a state of national emergency. Why don't we ask the weatherman?"

Someone pressed a buzzer; a hurried call went to the rickety old building where the U. S. Weather Bureau operates; and its chief long-range forecaster, a bright young man named Jerome Namias, began a speedy check of his charts and graphs of upper air currents. In practically nothing flat, a messenger was on his way to the White House with a memo predicting colder weather in the East the following month. And shortly afterward, Truman invoked the national emergency provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act.

To most of us, weather is just as determining a factor in our lives as it was to Truman that day. Who hasn't watched a wretched rain wash away precious vacation weeks? Everybody has—everybody, that is, but Namias, the weather forecaster.

Once, a short time after he had left for rain-drenched New England on his vacation, Arthur Godfrey came on the air.

"Listen," Godfrey told his millions of listeners, "I've got a pretty good tip. The weather's been nasty in New England for weeks, but the head forecaster of the U. S. Weather Bureau is heading that way for his vacation. If you want to spend yours under ideal weather conditions, you might follow him."

The weather in New England turned perfect when Namias arrived there.

Ten years ago, reliable prognosti-

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cations of this sort were impossible. But so persistently has Namias worked at "unsolvable" weather forecasting problems that temperature and rainfall summaries for the 30 days ahead in every area of the Northern Hemisphere have now become routine work for him.

Talk to the 2,500 shrewd, hard-headed businessmen in such competitive lines as construction, ranching, outdoor theaters, fruit growing, umbrella manufacturing, advertising, and commercial fishing who subscribe to his 30-day forecasts, and you will come away with the conviction that wherever weather can be translated into dollars, they consider Namias' forecasts absolute necessities.

An advertising executive has to know if he should go ahead with plans to plaster Midwest billboards with ads for tire chains—or will the winter turn mild? A construction firm has to know whether spring rains will continue: stand-by labor costs are putting it in the red. Last July, a Philadelphia dealer in men's clothing advertised a special mid-season sale of tropical suits, made necessary, he said dourly, because of Namias' forecast of a cool July.

A leading national press association, checking on Namias' record in forecasting temperature and rainfall for the month ahead, reported that he has been accurate about 79 per cent of the time.

THERE IS NO SIMPLE FORMULA by which Namias makes his forecasts. Almost around the clock, he and his 35 helpers keep a sharp weather eye on thousands of pressure, temperature, and rainfall maps made from information which comes pouring in to the Weather Bureau from 600 weather-reporting stations north of the Equator and more than 250 ships at sea. From these maps, covering a beat of roughly 100,000,000 square miles, Namias is able to check certain air currents two to ten miles up, which he has found control weather on the ground months in advance.

What these special currents do is steer storms and hot and cold air to various parts of the world. By plotting the way they travel and their evolution, Namias can tell ahead of time what is going to happen on the ground.

Compared with the savings which have resulted from using his forecasts, the cost of operation is trivial. Not so long ago, the administrator of the Tennessee Valley Authority sent some officials to Washington to discuss a vexing problem with Namias. For years they had had difficulty regulating the water supply in their reservoirs. If only they could know in advance what the rainfall would be over the area they administered, they would save American taxpayers millions of dollars. For, with such information at hand, they would know how much water to store and how much to let out.

Namias got to work immediately, and today he sends the TVA officials a special forecast of the total amount of rainfall they can expect for the month ahead.

Namias' most spectacular forecast was made for Iowa corn farmers in 1945. That year a long freezing rain deluged the fields and forced a delay in planting until late in the season. Before the summer was over the harried farmers real-

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ized their corn would not mature without additional fall sunlight. Yet if they postponed taking in their crop, frost might destroy it.

With millions at stake, they turned to the U. S. Weather Bureau for help. Namias listened to their story and promised to notify them a week in advance of the first severe frost in the area. If his prediction proved accurate, the corn would have maximum sunshine and they would still have plenty of time to harvest it. But if he was wrong, they would be ruined financially.

Ominously the weeks slid past and no word came from Washington. The farmers wondered whether they should risk further delay or salvage what they could of their puny crop. At last word arrived: a severe frost would descend the following week. The farmers began their harvesting and, on schedule, biting cold blanketed the area.

Emergency weather conditions are another of Namias' specialities. In 1947, forest fires swept Maine. Mile after mile of timber and towns disappeared as all efforts to halt the holocaust failed. At last the U. S. Forest Service, running short of equipment, had to decide whether to fly equipment from California at great expense. If the dry weather persisted, there was no alternative.

Quickly Namias was asked, "Will there be rain soon?"

"Inside of five days," he answered—and sure enough, within five days the heavens opened and the fire was brought under control.

NAMIAS' INTEREST in weather dates back to high-school days in Fall River, Massachusetts, when he saved enough money to buy a $15 barometer. By the time he graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, there was no question as to his choice of a career.

He began first with a six-hour forecast for an air line, moved on to the 24-hour, the 36-hour, and later to the five-day and 30-day forecasts in which he now specializes. All he had to go on was his youthful enthusiasm and an untried theory that upper air currents control future weather on the ground.

As he began experimenting with these currents, he was confronted with two stupendous obstacles. The means for exploring the upper atmosphere were crude, and the number of reporting stations in the Northern Hemisphere (his proposed arena of study) was too small for balanced scientific judgment.

Kites, which were then used by meteorologists, had a ceiling of only a mile and a half; and reports from planes, which he turned to next, could give readings only up to four miles. In the end he resorted to records from radio-equipped balloons capable of rising almost ten miles and transmitting temperature, pressure, and humidity readings along the way.

World War II solved his second problem, for ship movements and troop landings around the globe had to be made safe. Because of the increase in the number of reporting stations, Namias was able to forecast the weather prior to the North African landings. Today the network of stations stretches around the earth.

Although his success has reached the point where he is one of the world's outstanding weather prognosticators, Namias is the first to

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admit that long-range forecasting still contains many unknowns and that he has a long way to go on his 30-day forecasts before he can stop sweating out every prediction.

Despite a tendency to talk down his own record, he is sanguine about the future of forecasting. "In the next generation," he says confidently, "we should be able to make reliable seasonal forecasts. And within a few generations, meteorologists might even crack the problem of what causes weather variations between decades."

In his spare time he is already working on the seasonal forecast, using the same complex method he employs for the 30-day job. And some of his customers are impatiently looking beyond even the seasonal forecast. The world's largest farm-equipment company has a standing order with him for a three-year forecast of temperature and rainfall for the chief agricultural areas of the world. It claims that the use of farm machinery and equipment depends chiefly on the character of the weather over a period that long.

"Will the next few agricultural seasons be abnormally wet or dry, hot or cold?" is the question the company wants answered.

On the basis of his impressive accomplishments so far, it would be safe to forecast that Jerome Namias will somehow come up with the right answer.

Tough Guy

THE TOUGHEST, sluggingest, most profane man I ever met was a boss machinist who took no nonsense from anyone. Twice in his life he'd come out top-dog in fights with steel baling hooks.

During World War II he was boss of 257 almost equally pugnacious machinists in the shop at Mitchell Field on Long Island. Their shift was from midnight to 8 A.M., and their job was to repair bombers that staggered in from overseas and get them pointed back for Newfoundland by quitting time. They could take a cripple apart in 30 minutes, appraise its hurts in another 10, and have it back in the air, good as new, in four hours.

One early June pre-dawn, working feverishly on seven cripples that had just managed to get back to America, they looked up from their lathes and forges when a colonel walked in and blew a whistle.

"Men," he said, "if you ever poured on the work, pour it now. Our boys hit the beaches of Normandy just an hour ago and are holding on by their fingernails!"

There was a moment of complete, stunned silence, then the boss threw down a Stillson wrench and shouldered his way to the center of the vast shop.

"Do I got to bring a chaplain in here to introduce you to God?" he roared. "Get on your knees, all of you, Protestants, Jews, Catholics, I don't care what, and pray those boys off that sand!"

And 258 tough, truculent, hairy apes fell silently to their knees and closed their eyes in prayer.

—IRVING HOFFMAN

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Nuptial

THE COUPLE had spent their honeymoon at a smart Continental hotel. On the morning of departure the husband looked over the bill. "What is the meaning of this item —fruit, 200 francs?" he demanded. "We haven't had any fruit!"

"Quite," admitted the manager, "but fruit was placed on your table every day while you were here. It was not the fault of the hotel that you did not want it."

The husband counted out the amount due and then, looking the manager in the eye, said calmly: "I am deducting 100 francs—for kissing my wife."

"Monsieur!" cried the manager. "I have not kissed your wife."

"No?" said the husband. "But she was here—it isn't my fault if you didn't want to kiss her!"

—FRANCES RODMAN

AFTER HEARING the grownups discuss a recent wedding, my four-year-old daughter remarked gravely: "When I get big, I'm going to marry Michael."

We asked why she had decided to marry the boy next door, and she replied, "I have to. I'm not allowed to cross the street where all the other boys live." —JAMES T. SHILCOCK

SUPREME COURT Justice Frankfurter, asked by a friend to officiate at his daughter's marriage, declined the honor with regret. "A Supreme Court Justice," he explained, "does not have the authority to marry people. Perhaps it's because marriage is not considered a Federal offense!" —HY GARDNER

"WHAT IS SHE so angry about?" asked the puzzled bridesmaid. "The paper gave a full account of her wedding."

"It certainly did," agreed the maid of honor with a giggle, "it even mentioned the fact that she was married to the well-known collector of antiques." —*Cape Argus*

SITTING ON THE VERANDA, the young engaged couple discussed the furniture they would need for their little dream cottage.

"Now, darling, regarding the living room," the young man ventured, "are you going to bring your piano to our home when we are married?"

"My goodness, yes!" the young woman replied. "That was the one thing Father made me promise before he would agree to let me marry you." —*Christian Science Monitor*

THE MINISTER turned to the groom before the altar and asked:

"Will you be good to your wife as long as you live? Will you bring your pay envelope home and give it to her every week? Will you send

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Nonsense

her to the beach for her summer vacation? Will you be good to her friends and relations? Will you take her to theaters and movies? Will you buy her a convertible and give her the latest dresses and hats?"

The groom nodded and murmured, "Yes."

With that the reverend turned to the bride and said, "Now, are you *satisfied?*"

—HARRY HERSHFIELD

"WILL YOU really marry me?" the trembling youth exclaimed, as if unable to realize his good fortune. Then—"When we're married, darling, the dark clouds will roll away and the blue sky . . ."

"Just put the ring on my finger," suggested the practical-minded girl, "and you can forget about the weather report!"

—*Twaddle*

IN KEEPING WITH tradition, nobody paid much attention to the "father of the bride" at a recent wedding in Quincy, Mass. The mother did notice a difference between the color of the jacket and that of the trousers—but more important things engaged her attention and she forgot about it, thinking merely that the company from which they had rented his formal attire had made a mistake in matching trousers and jacket.

When the festivities were over and the bride was safely on her way, however, Father was horrified to discover he had given his daughter in marriage while wearing her mother's navy blue slacks.

—MRS. FRED BARLOW

"OH, FATHER!" exclaimed the young girl, blissfully throwing her arms around his neck, "Clarence asked me to marry him last night and I said yes."

"But, darling, how can you expect to marry Clarence?" protested her practical parent. "He only makes $40 a week."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," murmured his starry-eyed daughter. "When you're in love, the weeks are so short."

—BERTHA SULMAN

THE MAN'S VOICE on the other end of the telephone in a Southern city sounded agitated as he asked the clerk of the local court: "When did I get married?"

The clerk was willing to look it up. Could he call back when he found the records?

"Oh, no—I'm in a telephone booth, and I've got to know now," the troubled voice replied.

The records were hauled out and the clerk informed the caller he had been married on June 10, 1948.

"Thanks," was the answer, and the voice had lost its agitation. "I still have plenty of time to get an anniversary present."

—*Telephony*

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HAVE YOU SEEN GEORGE PEFFALL?

by ANN FIELDS

A heartbroken mother keeps lonely vigil for her two small sons; the father who kidnaped them may be your neighbor!

RUTH PEFFALL was going to have cause to remember again and again everything that happened on the morning of July 23, 1949. But when she awakened that Saturday, there was nothing more on her mind than the thought that, today, the children's father was taking them to the park.

Ruth and George Peffall, Jr., were divorced. When the courts granted her a decree in October, 1948, they had given her full custody of the two boys, Anthony, five, and James, three. Ruth had taken the children home to her mother, Mrs. James A. Andrews, who lives on West Englewood Avenue in Teaneck, New Jersey.

There she and her mother had cared for the boys without any aid from the father, even though the courts had ordered him to pay $17.50 a week. After the divorce he had left his job and disappeared for several months. Now, in the spring of 1949, he had returned.

When George Peffall came back into the family's life, he was duly repentant. He told his former wife that he had been having a very difficult time—in fact, he had been working for a laborer's salary. Now he had saved enough to buy a gas station in Hackensack, a few miles away, and intended to help care for his children. Could he, therefore, have visitation rights?

Ruth Peffall had been hurt and neglected; she and her children had been forced to live on her mother's modest income. Still, she was an intelligent woman, a college graduate, and she recognized the fact that her two boys needed a father as well as a mother.

So she had gone with George to her lawyer and agreed for the father to visit the children twice a week, from 2 to 5 o'clock. He had faithfully kept the appointments for three months, and had always returned the children promptly at 5 P.M., as agreed. Meanwhile, he had met the weekly payments for the family's support.

Technically, then, this was the

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background of that morning in July. It was a hot day. Ruth let the two boys go outdoors to play in the back yard. Then she laid out their clean clothes, to be donned before the father came to pick up the children at 2 o'clock.

At 1:25 she had started downstairs to call the boys when the doorbell rang. It was George Peffall. He was in a hurry—could he take the children right away? He wanted to catch the 1:30 bus to the park. Ruth consented readily, but first she insisted on changing the children's clothes.

Later, she was to remember every detail of what she put on her children. Anthony, brown-haired and blue-eyed, wore blue shorts, a striped jersey, red socks, brown shoes, and no hat. Little James, who weighed only 45 pounds, with light brown hair and blue eyes, wore brown shorts, a striped jersey, yellow socks, brown shoes, and no hat. They were two handsome, suntanned youngsters as they rushed downstairs to join their father.

Ruth watched them cross the street, holding their father's hand. When the bus came along, all three boarded it. Little James pressed his face to the window and waved, "Good-bye, Mommie."

Ruth gave a happy sigh. It was good for the children to have their handsome father back. "Boys," she said to her mother, "must get awfully tired of women all the time."

AT 5 O'CLOCK, the bus stopped, but only a neighbor got off. By 5:30, Ruth was standing on the porch, anxiously watching for the next bus.

By 6:15, she felt uneasy. At 6:30, she phoned the bus station to ask if there had been an accident. Then she called the hospital. There had been no accident; there was no child hurt.

By 7:30 P.M., Ruth Peffall's fears were acute. Remembering that occasionally the father had taken the children to his place of business, she called the gas station in Hackensack. She asked whether her former husband was there.

"He doesn't work here any more," a strange voice replied. "I own the station. Mr. Peffall sold it to me a few weeks ago."

Ruth sat down, baffled. It was 8 P.M.—something was wrong. Then suddenly she had an idea. Perhaps George had taken the children to his parents' home near Philadelphia. She ran to the phone again. Now in an agony of suspense, she listened to the phone ringing in an empty house.

Desperate, she called a neighbor of the senior Peffalls. "Why, they left for Canada two days ago."

Sick with fear, Ruth watched the clock tick away to 9 P.M. There was no alternative now. She must go to the police. She told her mother to sit by the phone; then she drove to the Teaneck police station. There she told her story to disinterested listeners.

"He is the children's father," the officers told her. "Go home and wait for him."

Ruth refused. The police had resources beyond hers. She was frantic about her children. The night was getting chilly; they were thinly dressed. Where could George be, she asked pointedly, if not at his mother's home or at the gas station? And *why* had he sold the gas station?

Wearily, the police asked the

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Hackensack department to check his room there. They also put out an order to pick up his old 1937 Ford convertible.

Their first surprise came when the Hackensack police reported that Peffall had checked out of his room three days before, leaving no forwarding address. There was no trace of his car. Slightly dismayed at this news, they asked Camden police to locate the senior Peffalls in Canada.

They reached Mr. Peffall by long distance. No, he said, he had not seen his son in weeks. But don't worry—he would show up.

Again the Teaneck police urged Ruth to go home and wait. Again she refused. All night she sat in the station—remembering many things—remembering them now with a new significance.

What *had* been the meaning of George's puzzling actions since he returned after the long absence? Were her children in physical danger from the arrogant father whom their few personal friends had often called the "Mad Genius"?

There had been the night when her mother was away, and she and the children were alone in the house. Suddenly, Ruth was awakened by the snarling of a neighbor's dog under her window. As she sat up, she heard a man shout at the animal to be quiet.

There was something familiar about the voice. Ruth ran to the window to see a man fleeing the yard. She looked at the clock: 2:30 A.M. Puzzled, she went downstairs to check. A window screen had been pried open. She called the police and reported a prowler.

A week later, at 1 A.M., Ruth noticed a car parked near the house. At 2 o'clock, the doorbell rang. Two policemen were standing on the porch with George.

"Is this your ex-husband, lady?"

"Yes," she said.

Well, they reported sheepishly, they had been patroling the neighborhood since she reported a prowler and this man had been parked in front of her house for three hours. He didn't have proper registration papers for the car. Could she verify that it belonged to him? She did, and George strode away without any explanation.

Now, as Ruth sat in the Teaneck police station, she pondered these queer happenings. Did they have a meaning? Had George intended all along to kidnap the children and do them harm?

WEARY AND HEARTSICK, Ruth left the station at 6 A.M. and went home to take up a futile vigil by the telephone. Then, on Monday morning, the case took a new and seemingly hopeful turn. A postcard from George arrived. As Ruth saw her former husband's handwriting, she was the happiest woman on earth.

Postmarked Hackensack at 5 P.M. Saturday afternoon, the card was written with George Peffall's usual economy of words, but it was to serve the purpose for which he had sent it. "Am taking the children on a little vacation." That was all.

But today, Ruth says: "If I knew then what I know now, no one on earth would ever have seen that postcard."

For when she rushed to the police station, they refused to accept the card as proof of anything sinister. "Everything is all right now," they

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told her. "He'll bring the children back. So just relax."

Days went by, a week and then two. Ruth knew with a woman's intuition that her children would not return until they were brought back. But police departments do not operate on women's intuition. More time went by; the trail grew cold.

Then, by the end of the third week, the Teaneck police began to feel that Ruth Peffall was right. But by then it was too late. By then, too, Ruth Peffall was under a physician's care.

Recounting George Peffall's background, appearance and experience, it was difficult to associate him with the dreaded poster that was prepared: "*Wanted for Kidnaping—Will Extradite.*" Now 37, Peffall weighs 185, is six feet three, with black hair, hazel eyes, and a thin black mustache. His lack of any outstanding physical characteristics has been a handicap to the police seeking to pick up his trail. Except for his height, his description would fit millions of men.

These special traits are known about him: he holds an aloof, superior attitude toward things and people; he has a typical Pennsylvania accent with a flat A; he smokes constantly, usually has a package of Pall Malls in his pocket; he indulges in no small talk or banter; he collects no close friends. Occasionally, if he is in a room with a piano, he will play it, though not well. He even bursts into song on occasion and will always sing, *I'm a Rambling Wreck from Georgia Tech.*

Many hundreds of people have known George Peffall through his school and job activities. A former Georgia Tech football player, he was a research chemist during the war, engaged in several secret projects. After the war, he worked as a designing engineer, as an engineering instructor, as a salesman. Then, in the spring of 1949, he bought the gas station in Hackensack.

This, in brief, was the background the police had to work on when, in August, they conceded that Peffall had kidnaped his children. The Teaneck department assigned Lieut. Theodore Morgan to the case, but all his backtracking produced no worth-while clue. The police had waited too long; the trail had grown cold.

MEANWHILE, RUTH PEFFALL and her white-haired mother were going through torture. Sleep came seldom to Ruth; she was under constant medical care. Mother and daughter never dared leave the house at the same time. Every time the phone or doorbell rang, they trembled in fear.

Today, Ruth Peffall hopes against hope. Her mother, Mrs. Andrews, now in her late seventies, is a dignified and intelligent woman, but a heartbroken one. On the surface she has kept up a wonderful faith, sustaining her daughter with comfort and patience. "Without her, I would have died," Ruth says simply.

The heartbreak of the grandmother comes out in unguarded statements. "All little boys look just alike," she said recently. "No wonder Tony and Jim have not been found. I used to see them on every city street, on every playground. I have followed little boys, sure they would prove to be ours, only to see them welcomed at their own door."

There are many strange questions

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posed by the disappearance of George Peffall and his sons. How does he earn a living without revealing his background, his social-security number, his draft status? How could the children (both of school age) be kept at home? (Every superintendent of schools has been given data and pictures.) Where and how is their dental work done? (Every dental magazine has carried their pictures.) Who cares for the boys while Peffall works?

Ruth Peffall still clings to her belief that the children will return. She still gives an involuntary start whenever the phone rings.

"My main trouble now," she says, "is in trying to visualize the boys' growth. What will they look like when they return to me—how old will they be? I hope they will not have lost all their youth. I try to keep up with them by watching their former playmates—seeing how they grow—and trying to prepare myself for the day when my own boys come back."

Then she adds, earnestly and sincerely: "I am only interested in getting my children back. I am not interested in revenge, and above all else, I do not want to put a stigma on my children's names."

The Teaneck police cannot be quoted, but unofficially there is no desire on the part of anyone involved in the case to seek undue punishment. There is no desire for publicity—only for a quiet settlement.

Here, then, rests the case of George Peffall. Is he living in some quiet village or town? Is he working in a city or on some remote farm? Is he *your* neighbor? Have *you* seen George Peffall?

They'll Get Ahead

A DISTRAUGHT Milwaukee father complained to radio's "Juvenile Jury" that his young son picked up cigar and cigarette butts from the street, and wanted to know how to break the habit.

"He shouldn't do that," commented nine-year-old Dickie Orlan, "because it's not sanitary. You shouldn't pick up anything from the streets—except money."

—*WGN Scripteasers*

WHILE I WAS visiting friends, their five-year-old son came to me with his toy bank. As he displayed it, showing me where coins could be inserted, he also confided, "I made the slot bigger—now it will hold half dollars."

TODAY'S YOUNGSTERS catch on quickly. For several days recently a little girl came into her neighborhood candy store and each time asked the price of popcorn. Growing annoyed, the proprietor finally snapped: "It cost a nickel on Monday; it cost a nickel on Tuesday; and it is the same price today—so why do you ask?"

With the utmost gravity, she replied, "Oh, I just thought it might be on sale today."

BECAUSE my little son sat gazing into space, I said, "Junior, a penny for your thoughts."

"Well, to be honest, Daddy," he replied, "I was thinking of a dime."

—NEW YORK *Daily News*

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Home from Prison

IT DOESN'T MATTER what my name is. The big thing in this story—in my whole life—is that a few weeks ago I was Prisoner No. 62988. I haven't forgotten that number. Maybe I will some day, but not yet.

The parole board told me that I had learned my lesson. "We're granting your parole, John. Soon you can begin your rehabilitation."

Yes, I'd learned my lesson, and rehabilitation was more than just a word for me. I used to hear it a lot when I got out of the Army. I knew what it meant. And I knew the parole board was wrong. My rehabilitation had begun in a terrible moment long ago when I blinked my whiskey-fogged eyes against a glaring light bulb and heard a desk sergeant say: "Charged with assault and intent to rob." I knew then that I was going to prison.

Well, it's all past now. I'm free. But whenever I get tired or discouraged, I remember that dingy

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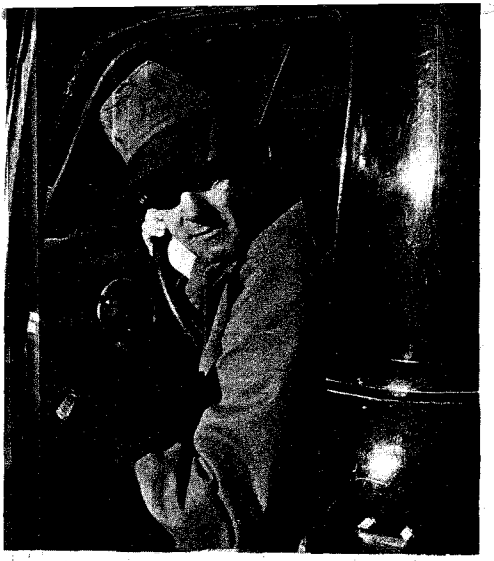
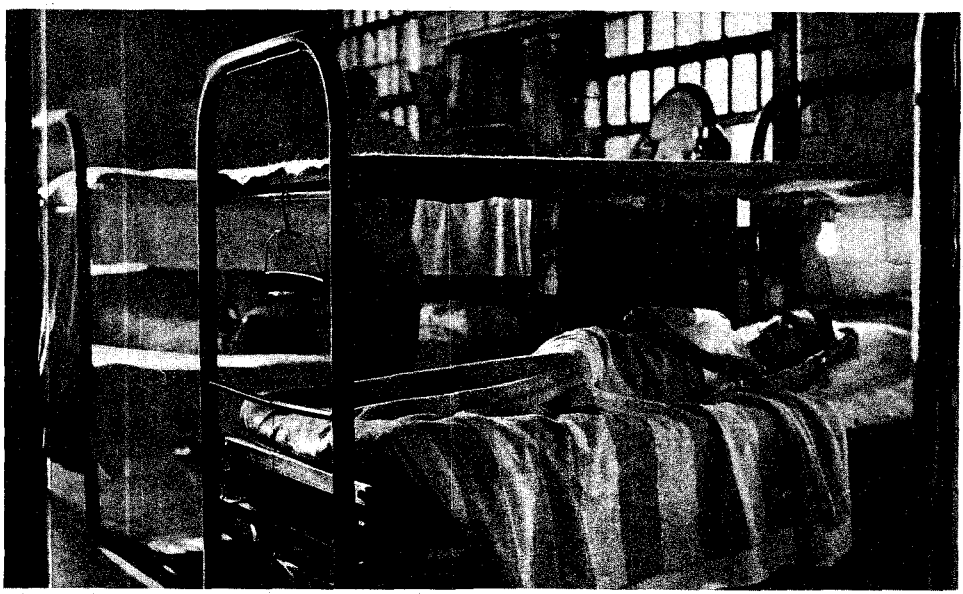


In prison, I used to be on the construction gang. Then I had an appendicitis attack and they switched me to a truck.

police station in St. Louis where my rehabilitation started. I remember the long, sleepless nights that followed, and the hours of thinking and thinking: *You were wrong, wrong all the way. You thought you were taking the easy road and it turned out to be the hardest.* That was when my rehabilitation began.

And I think of the wordless promise I made to the guard at the prison gate when he said, "So long, John. Don't come back!"

I stayed in bed longer than usual that last morning. Anything to kill a little time. In prison, where every man is a sort of philosopher, you're always hearing that time doesn't mean anything until you're on the outside again. But it isn't true. Time means everything. Everywhere you look there are calendars to prove it;



After a few months, I became a trusty. They put me in a large barracks with 79 other men and, except for working hours, we were pretty much on our own. In a lot of ways, it was like being in the Army, only for us there were no week-end passes.

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everything you hear is in terms of months or years. Even as I lay in bed killing time, I was thinking that this was the last morning of the last day, that tonight this bed would be empty. I was going home.

That's the most important thing when you're in prison—the thinking you do. The world stops pressing in from every side. For the first time in my life, I could stand off and really look at myself. I could ask what happened to me—and why. Was it because I quit school after the eighth grade? Was it because of an unsuccessful marriage? Was it too much liquor?

It took me a long time, and the answer didn't come all at once. When it did, it was a shock: I was 42 years old and I was just beginning to grow up.

That last day, I went to the barber—although I'd just had a haircut the week before. It was another way to kill time.

Everyone gets a new five dollars before the state's way of say

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My fingers trembled as I tied my shoelaces that last day, and I kept tugging at the end of the jacket of my new suit.

The parole officer gave me a lot of last-minute advice, but the best thing he said to me was, "You won't be back, John!"

On this last day in prison, I had trouble tying my necktie, and the suit they gave me seemed strange. It made me realize that a lot of things would be different when I got out. It would be strange to walk into a living room after 12 months with a bunk, a chair, and 79 other men for prison mates.

Suddenly I began to get panicky. *What if it didn't work? What if I had to come back?*

It was only when I had my last interview with the parole officer that I knew I would make it. But it wasn't his final instructions. I knew them by heart: report to the parole officer right after you get home; stay out of taverns. What restored my confidence was the sudden realization that the parole board knew more about me than I

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The chaplain came in just before I left. He gripped my hand hard and didn't say much, but I knew he believed in me, too. He was the one who helped me feel right about going back to church. And I hadn't missed a Sunday for many months.

did about myself. They knew about my unsuccessful marriage, and they knew my father had died while I was returning from overseas after the war. And they knew more than that. With their friendly questions, they persuaded me to tell them things I thought I had forgotten: how I was booked for disturbing the peace when I was 19, how I used to drift from one job to another—restless, always moving, never happy with what I had, always after more; how liquor became a way out for me, an escape.

I knew that their investigators had talked to nearly everyone who ever knew me, had checked with the local police and the F.B.I. I took a deep breath and relaxed. If the parole board thought I was a good risk, then so did I.

Using my new freedom, I took the train instead of a bus. I never knew before that a railroad station could be so beautiful.

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One of the things I used to worry about was that my nieces would act stiff t me. I knew that would hurt my sisters. But they all acted as though I'd beer on a trip or a long vacation, and they certainly gave me a great welcome

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My mother said, "I prayed to God for this moment," and as I stood there looking at her, I gave God my silent thanks.

There was a new niece, too, one I had never seen before. Michele had been born just a week before I was arrested.

There are parts of that day I'll never remember clearly—the train trip home and the walk from the station. I know I was worrying about what I'd say to my family. What would they say to me? How would they look at me?

But there are other things I'll never forget. From the moment I began running up the stairs, everything that happened became part of the best memory I'll ever have. I threw open the door and they were all there—my mother and sisters and their kids. I just looked at them for a minute, and I guess they all looked at me. Then all of a sudden I was holding onto my mother—tight, as tight as I could. She was crying and I was crying too. And then at last I knew I was home—and that I'd stay there, forever.

I had to have a job before I could be paroled and a friend gave me one on his construction crew. I owe a lot to him.

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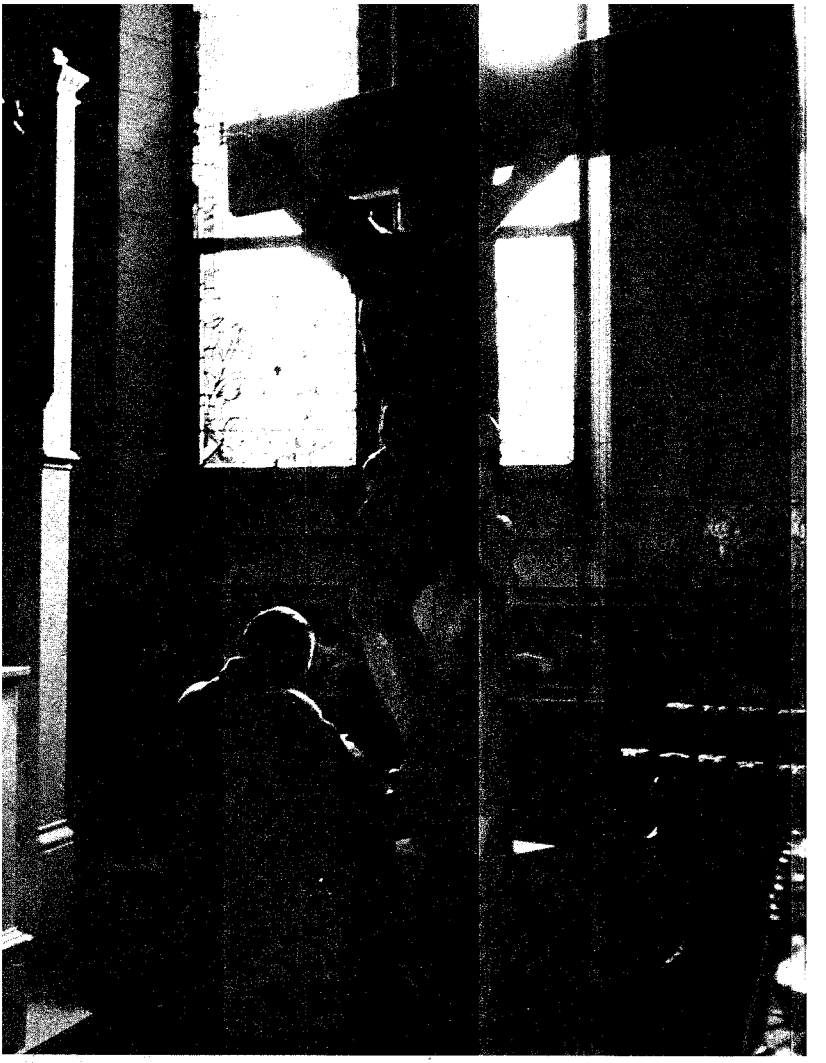

I take long walks now, sometimes out to the cemetery where my father is bu
I still do a lot of thinking, but in the right direction. And when I'm worried, th
the church. For the first time, religion is something I feel deep inside me.

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Three Centuries at Work

THE MEN on this page began working in the days when television, planes—even automobiles—were inventors' daydreams. Now, almost three-quarters of a century later, they are still working—for the same companies! They have given loyalty and steadfastness to their employers, and earned the satisfaction of growing with an industry.

Starting as an office boy with the Eagle Pencil Company of New York when he was 17, Edward Dinkel has been with the firm since 1878. Now credit manager, he hasn't lost a day's work since 1937.

In 1880, Joseph D. Mitchell was hired as stable boy for the Natural Bridge Hotel of Virginia. Apprenticed to the gardener, he began working at the kind of job he has held ever since for the same hotel.

Joseph Weller, hired by The White House, a San Francisco department store, in 1880, operated the first elevator in the city. He is still employed there, but now holds the position of a floor supervisor.

Lord & Taylor of New York paid Gustav H. Jensen $1.50 a week when he began work there in 1879. Loyalty paid off in positions and salary, and Jensen is now assistant secretary of the big store.

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Movie MARRIAGES

WHEN A MOVIE STAR heads towards a divorce court, the world shrugs and says, "Hollywood marriages don't mean a thing." Thus, an entire community and one of the world's biggest industries suffer wholesale defamation. Refuting the charge are countless stars whose happy, normal married lives never make the headlines.

Such are the stars presented on these pages. Such, too, are Hollywood's little people—the extras, the stagehands, the musicians, the sound men, the writers, the script girls, the stand-ins. Their lives are vivid proof that Hollywood is mostly a town whose chief industry is movie-making, not a mecca of loose-living neurotics who put option clauses on marriage licenses.

Like Claudette Colbert and Dr. Joel Pressman (*above*), who were married in 1935, thousands of stars and their satellites know that a successful Hollywood marriage results from trust, honesty, laughter, faith, respect, and the constant tenderness of an ever-present love—just as it does in your town.

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Irene Dunne, active in church affairs, has remained married to Dr. Francis D. Griffin, a successful dentist, since 1928.

Benita Hume dropped her career to marry Ronald Colman in 1938, but has returned to costar with him on radio.

Bob Hope's wife gave up a singing career when they were married in 1932. The couple has adopted four children.

Married in 1914 to a nonprofessional, Jean Hersholt is almost a record-holder among many happily married stars.

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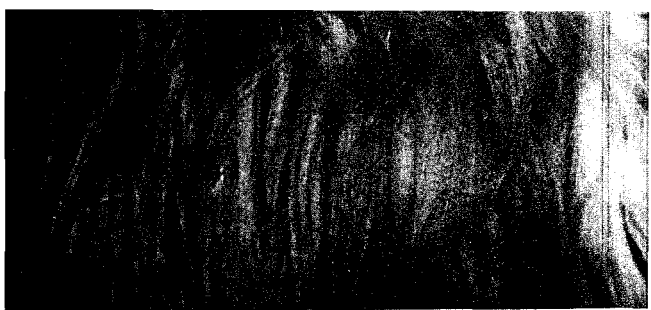

Stemming from ancestors who lived near the Mountai
the aristocratic Afghan was nicknamed "Monkey face"

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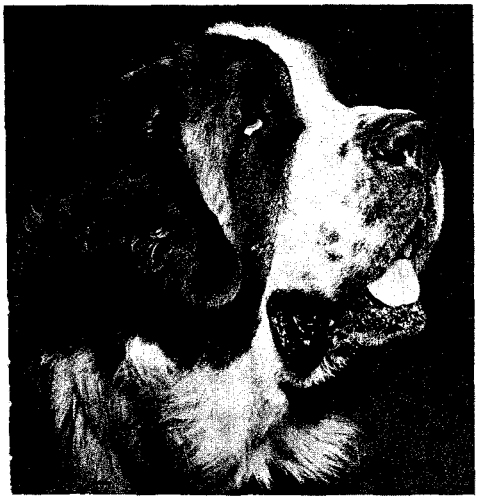
A MATTER OF BREEDING

A famous Gainsborough painting first recorded the Old English Sheep Dog.

ST. BERNARDS have rescued 2,500 men from the Great White Death, yet they require no special training for their amazing feats of mercy. Centuries in the rugged, snowbound passes of the Swiss Alps have stamped the lifesaving instinct deep into the make-up of these famous dogs. Breeding is the secret. The selective mating of animals is an old and successful art through which tailor-made breeds are produced. In the silky-haired Afghan Hound, it created a distinguished, long-legged hunter; in the pert Miniature Schnauzer, an excellent rat catcher and playmate for children. But all the tricks of scientific breeding have not been able to manufacture a much-desired strain of tailless Old English Sheep Dogs. A knife is still needed.



Forefathers of the St. Bernard came out of Asia Minor with the Romans.

The saucy-faced Miniature Schnauzer is probably of pure German origin.

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Leading in rehabilitation of the handicapped is Dr. Howard Rusk of New York.

MASTERS OF MEDICINE

YOU ARE HEALTHIER than your parents and will live longer because a small band of modern scientists has dedicated years of research to your physical welfare. Working quietly and unheralded in laboratories and hospitals across the nation, they live in a world of test tubes and microscopes, of experiments repeated again and again. Their struggles and sacrifices are ignited by the humanitarian's ardor to accomplish the greatest good for the greatest number of people.

In wars against the invisible enemies of Man, disease fighters have often risked their own lives. Armed with knowledge and new discoveries, scientists have attacked the microscopic killer on its own battleground of epidemic destruction. In laboratories, researchers have held death in their hands, testing to conquer it with drugs and serum. Among these men and women are many whose names will one day rank with Lister, Jenner, Semmelweiss, Ehrlich, Pasteur, the Curies, and others who have, in past centuries, helped lead Man to victory over the mysteries of his body.

Energies of today's scientists are directed against the maladies which continue to plague the world, and in each field of research important discoveries have been made in the last decade which predict an early control and eventual cure.

In the studies of arthritis, the oldest disease known to man, more progress has been made in the past ten years than in all recorded his-

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Winner of the 1950 Lasker Award for outstanding medical research, Dr. George Papanicalaou of Cornell University was honored for discovery of the "wet smear" cancer-detection test, one of the most accurate diagnoses yet found.

During ten years of sewage study in epidemic areas, Dr. John R. Paul of Yale determined that the polio virus was not water-borne. Though present, it was short-lived out of the pollution zone and could be destroyed easily by chlorine.

At the Institute of Cancer Research in Philadelphia, Dr. Irene Corey Diller has worked two years on the fungus of cancer cells. Convinced it is not air-borne, she now seeks to determine whether the fungus causes cancer or results from it.

The discovery of streptomycin by Dr. Selman A. Waksman of Rutgers, in collaboration with Dr. Albert Schatz, has saved the lives of countless tuberculars and made possible lung surgery previously too dangerous to attempt.

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The contributions of Dr. Esmond Long to the understanding and control of tuberculosis stretch over 30 years. Now the director of Phipps Institute in Philadelphia, he is recognized internationally as an outstanding researcher and professor.

tory. The discovery of the cortisone and ACTH hormones and their effects brought Nobel Prize recognition to Dr. Edward C. Kendall and Dr. Phillip S. Hench, both of Mayo Clinic, and Dr. Tadeus Reichstein of Switzerland.

Through the specific diagnostic classification developed by Dr. Winthrop Phelps, of Baltimore, physicians can now diagnose the particular injury of each case and thus more effectively direct the rehabilitation best suited for the child. The recently successful growth of the poliomyelitis virus in test tubes has encouraged new hope in the fight against infantile paralysis.

These findings have already had their effect: the 1950 American death rate was 9.6 per thousand, the lowest on record, with predictions that health conditions this year should be even more improved. New methods of early and accurate diagnoses have done much to effect our better health standards and the prevention of serious developments.

Though the answers to many of today's medical puzzles seem hopelessly lost in a black cloud of speculation, important discoveries may, at this moment, be in the final experimental stages. Scientists wisely refrain from premature announcements of a new weapon against a disease until it has been thoroughly tested and proved effective. Only then is it released to the world for public use, and thus, because of the victories of these soldiers of the laboratory, Man moves another step closer to the golden hour when he can triumph over the diseases and handicaps which now limit his years and darken his happiness.

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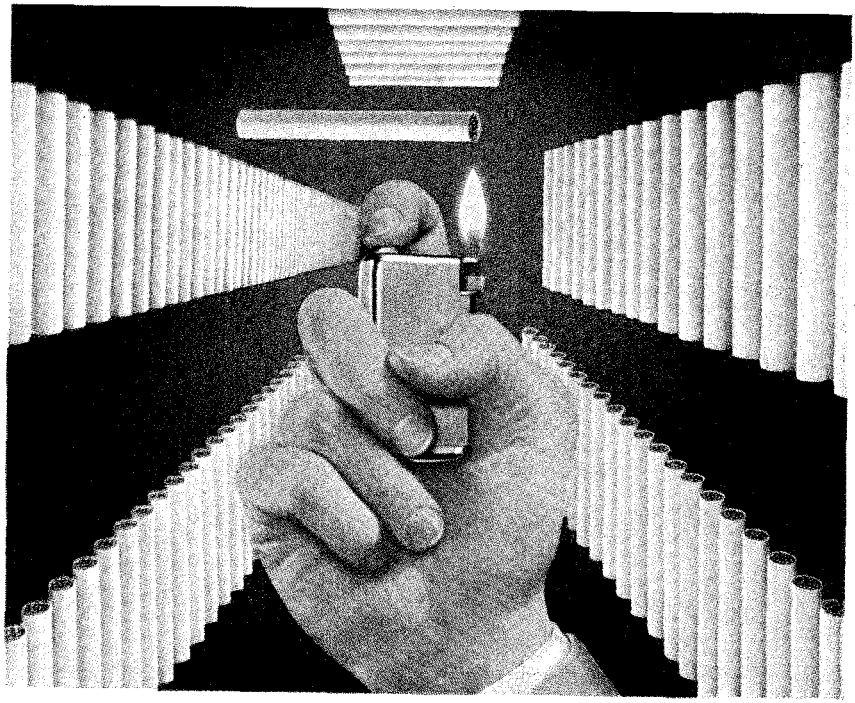

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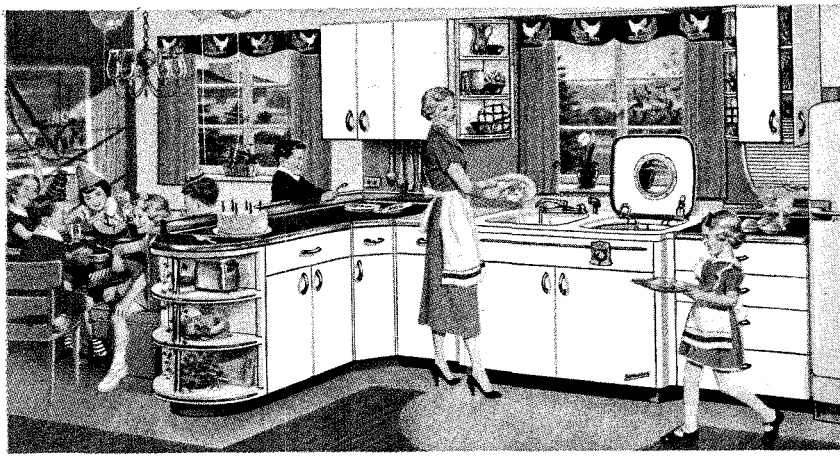

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An OPEN SESAME to Success

by DAVID GUY POWERS

Cultivating an attitude of agreement will get you farther than the use of force

CHECK BACK on all the disputes of your life. What do you discover? They began in a spirit of righteous indignation and ended in a spirit of hatred.

Now check back on the pleasant associations of your life. What do you find? A common bond was established, and it broadened until your associates became a part of your very self.

The secret behind your successes was that you discovered areas of agreement. You learned to concede, to adjust, to persuade your associates that your cause was theirs. You avoided force and sought understanding.

Persuasion is a process of insinuation. It is as opposed to force as day is to night. Force gets a violent, sudden reaction; persuasion gets a gradual unfolding reaction.

"The way we generally strive for rights is by getting our fighting blood up; and I venture to say that that is the long way and not the short way," said President Woodrow Wilson. "If you come to me with your fists doubled, I think I can promise you that mine will double as fast as yours; but if you come to me and say, 'Let us sit down and take counsel together' . . . we will presently find that we are not so far apart after all, and that if we only have the patience and candor and desire to get together, we will get together."

The psychological force of two or more minds coming together to seek understanding is a phenomenon too little understood. The mind is only rarely reached through logical argument. And even when it is so reached, the thought is immediately wrapped in the vapor of our feelings. To arrive at understanding, therefore, look for the attitude of agreement.

This way of living is acquired slowly. It is an attitude that must be cultivated. Theodore Roosevelt, whose depth of human understanding remains a monument to his greatness, left this account of his efforts: "I stood out for my own opinion, alone. I took the best mugwump stand: my own conscience, my own judgments, were to decide in all things. I would listen to no argument, no advice. Finally, I learned that the things I wanted to do I was powerless to accomplish.

"What did I do? I looked the ground over and made up my

From *Live a New Life*, by David Guy Powers. Copyright, 1948, by the author, and published by Doubleday & Co., 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

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mind that there were several other excellent people with honest opinions, even though they differed with me. I turned in to help them and they turned to and gave me a hand. And so we were able to get things done. We did not agree in all things but we did in some, and those we pulled at together. That was my first lesson in real politics."

In one of the most pertinent passages of his autobiography, Benjamin Franklin says:

"I made it a rule to forbear all direct contradictions to the sentiments of others, and all positive assertions of my own."

If you think such a change is too difficult for your nature, listen to the discipline Franklin accepted in order to understand people:

"I even forbade myself," he revealed, "the use of every word that imparted a fixed opinion, such as *certainly, undoubtedly,* etc., and I adopted instead of them, I *conceive*, I *apprehend*, or I *imagine* a thing to be so or so; or it so *appears* to me at present. When another asserted something I thought an error . . . in answering I began by observing that in *certain* circumstances his opinion would be right, but in the present case there *appeared* or *seemed* to me some difference, etc.

"I soon found the advantage of this change in my manner; the conversations I engaged in went on more pleasantly and I more easily prevailed with others to give up their mistakes and join with me when I happened to be in the right."

Franklin acquired a habit of thought. He didn't try to do this by halves or on certain occasions. He knew you never develop a habit that way. You have to set your mind in a pattern of forbearance. At first, it will be as troublesome as putting the first harness on a spirited horse. But gradually the habit becomes part of you.

To do this, your whole attitude must reflect consideration of others above yourself. The habit of forbearance results in a thousand unthought-of details in human contact which are far more persuasive than all the rhetoric of man.

PERHAPS THE FIRMEST believer in the area-of-agreement approach is John R. Steelman, first man ever to hold the title of Assistant to the President of the United States. For seven years he ran the strike-settling Conciliation Service with incredible success—90 per cent of all disputes settled. I asked the Assistant to Mr. Truman the secret of this success.

"Don't try to decide the quarrel for the disputing parties," he said. "Induce them to decide it for themselves. You can't make anybody do anything. Our whole attitude is, 'here we are, we want you to get together.'

"Direct the mind of the protagonists to areas of agreement, and agreements will follow. No human conflict is so intense that there is no common ground. Find that ground and stay on it."

In the practical business of life, the principle of agreement is essential. Realize that there are outposts that must be defended, and outposts that are expendable. In human affairs the expendable are more numerous. Make this distinction in your thinking and acting. Don't risk your success defending a worthless straw.

Thomas A. Morgan, president

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of the Sperry Corporation, who rose from second-class electrician in the Navy to a $181,480-a-year job, once told me of a simple technique for avoiding trouble.

"I never assume that there is a fight," he said. "In fact, I tell the other person there isn't any fight, and ask his help with the problem. For instance, I was in the embarrassing position of conducting a meeting at which a Sperry stockholder vigorously protested that my salary was too high. I knew that it would be useless to try to explain why I was worth the money. So I asked him what he thought my salary ought to be.

" 'One hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year,' he answered.

" 'That's still too much money,' I agreed with him.

"That took the wind out of his sails, and the matter dropped. It's hard for a man to loose a new attack when you agree with him. Usually, all he wants is to have you agree that he has a point."

In any dispute, be more than ready to compromise. This is best attained by admitting outrightly as much of the opposition's case as you can. Then continue to assure them that you can get together.

Time spent in creating a mood of agreement is well invested. A man saying "yes" softens; a man saying "no" hardens. You appeal to his loftier sentiments when he can be gracious; you embarrass him when he must reject you or your thoughts.

So make it easy for him to say "yes." He will be proud of himself and appreciative of you.

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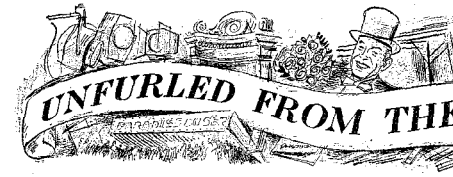

Teletripe

After lengthy deliberation, I think I've discovered why they call 'em television sets. Everyone who owns one tells you about it.

—Thomas J. Sweeney

In California, television is different —the screen stands still and the buildings shake. —Bob Hope

Television is all right if you like to look at the world through a waffle iron. —Walter O'Keefe

Onstage

Among the props for an amateur theatrical production was a caged snake. One night the snake got out and wrapped itself around another stage prop—the telephone—just before a big scene.

The leading lady walked onstage, prepared to answer the ringing phone. Just as she was about to pick up the instrument, she spotted the snake. Frozen, she stood there, letting the phone ring and letting the play action down.

In desperation, the director sent onstage the actress who was playing the maid, with instructions to pick up the snake. She went bravely in and snatched up the reptile. But she thought she ought to say something to explain the situation to the gaping audience.

"Pardon me, miss," she finally managed, "but I forgot to tidy up this morning."

—Diane Farrell (*Dixie Roto Magazine*)

Concert Capers

Anton Rubinstein, even at the peak of his career, was always nervous before a concert. At his recital in London, a music lover accosted him in front of the hall with a desperate plea for an otherwise unobtainable ticket.

"I have only one seat at my disposal," said Rubinstein, "but you are most welcome to it."

"Thanks a thousand times," exclaimed the music lover. "Where is the seat?"

"The seat," was the reply, "is at the piano." —Nicolas Slonimsky

Radio Repeats

"Over in this corner of the living room we'll have a love seat, over there we'll have a love seat, and in this corner we'll have another love seat!" Judy Canova rhapsodized.

"You call that a living room?" she was asked.

"If that ain't livin'," Judy replied, "I don't know what is!"

—*Judy Canova Show*

It's not too hard to live on a small income if you don't spend too much trying to keep it a secret.

—Arthur Godfrey

Hollywooditis

When Ben Hecht was making *Crime Without Passion*, he offered Oscar Levant a job at $15 a week. As Levant tells it: "I knew it was a gag—he just wanted me around the studio to play duets with him. But after I'd been there a week or two

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I found I was actually working. I went to Hecht and said, 'Hey, do you want me to WORK here for $15 a week?'

" 'I'll raise your salary,' Hecht said. 'From now on, you're getting $300 a week!'

"Pay day came, but there was no check for me. So I complained to Hecht.

" 'From now on, you're getting $750 a week,' he said.

"When my salary was finally increased to $2,000 a week, I went to Hecht and pleaded: 'For goodness sake, cut me back to 15 bucks —I'm starving to death!' "

—IRVING HOFFMAN in the *Hollywood Reporter*

About a certain employee of his studio, Samuel Goldwyn remarked: "We're overpaying him, but he's worth it." —MRS. LOUISE STEINER

Ken Murray likes to tell about the Hollywood producer who had to give one of his wife's relatives a studio job. The relative, upon arriving at the studio, asked: "What will my job be?"

"It'll be a sort of public-relations job," explained the producer. "Just don't make it public that we're relations." —PAUL DENIS (*Daily Compass*)

With the Critics

The late Ring Lardner was once watching the rehearsal of an insipid play which kept him yawning from beginning to end. When it was over, the director turned to the author of the play and said:

"In the middle of the last act we'll have to change the dialogue and let the curtain down to denote the lapse of a week."

"A good idea," agreed the playwright, "but how will we do that?"

Lardner, slumped in his chair, opened his eyes.

"Why not leave the curtain down seven days?" he suggested.

—E. E. EDGAR

Why doesn't some bright guy invent a hollow cake of soap? Then when the bar is used up there wouldn't be those annoying little pieces left. —CEDRIC ADAMS

Sigmund Spaeth, the music critic, likes to read to his granddaughters, although he realizes that they know every word of the familiar stories. He therefore tests them, to make sure they're paying attention, by suddenly stopping—and letting them recite the next word.

In reading the tale of the fish that turned out to be an enchanted prince, Spaeth read:

"Oh, sir, I am not really a fish. I am an enchanted—"

He stopped, and his granddaughter Connie immediately piped: "Evening." —LEONARD LYONS

Little John had been taken to see *Othello* for the first time. He was enthralled by the scene in which Desdemona is suffocated. Leaving the theater, he said cheerfully to his father, "I suppose they have a fresh lady every night." —SALLY BROSSARD

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Madame Lady Finger:

THE NIGHT-CLUB CROOK

by HENRY LEE

A mask of culture concealed her real identity—until she stretched her luck too far

NEW YORK's gay café society was gripped, a dozen years ago, by a fear that its sauciest entertainers and loudest music could not exorcise. Someone with whom these rich, carefree people laughed and rubbed elbows in night clubs was delivering them to a holdup gang which did not hesitate at torture.

One after another, beauties were hauled from limousines or taxis at the dawn-end of gala evenings and stripped of their gems. The mob struck at will. It knew precisely what jewels its victims were wearing, or where they had been concealed about their owners' persons.

Someone, detectives knew, must be "fingering" the victims, and, with undercover investigators from worried insurance companies, they worked day and night to track down that pointing finger and the shadow men who hit with such uncanny precision. Meantime, the loot mounted until its value approached $1,000,000.

For three years, hundreds of police matched wits with this gang, the most brilliantly dangerous jewel thieves who ever terrorized New York, and when at last the mob was smashed—the "finger" was exposed as a woman!

If you had noticed her in one of the night clubs, you would perhaps have taken Dorothy Stirrat for a successful actress or a career woman. A beautiful, smartly gowned brunette, she carried herself with the careless assurance that impresses the haughtiest headwaiter.

She lived grandly in a white-pillared, midtown apartment build-

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ing, but behind her mask of culture and fashion she hid a criminal past and a very active criminal present. To her intimates—gun-toting escaped convicts and gentleman crooks in white tie and tails—she was "Madame Lady Finger."

As accurately as a professional jeweler, the Madame could appraise the jewels worn by a prospective victim. She had nerves finer than any of the platinum she stole, and even when she knew detectives were all about her, she fingered likely holdup prospects right beneath their noses.

Usually, her evening's work started at the theater from an inconspicuous rear seat. There Madame could best spot a likely prospect in the boxes or down-front orchestra seats, and arrange to trail her afterwards to a night club.

At the club, after completing her preliminary investigations, she tipped off the gang by phone or left the club simultaneously with the victim, signaling casually to the blue sedan outside which always bore different license plates. She used simple, coded gestures as she hesitated under the marquee, ostensibly waiting for a taxi.

If Madame Lady Finger raised one hand slightly, the gang knew the victim was wearing a costly ring on that hand; if she drew her coat collar closer, it was a necklace; when her purse was held tightly under her arm, the victim had hidden jewels under her clothing.

Most important, through eavesdropping in the powder room, she was able to signal the victim's destination. When her hands were at her side, palms extended, the other woman was going home. Her right hand raised carelessly, perhaps to tuck in a stray bit of hair, signified there was a trail job ahead.

Appropriately enough, the story of the mocking, elusive Lady Finger began with the holdup of Gypsy Rose Lee, who visited a Greenwich Village night club attired in $23,500 worth of jewels.

Madame and the mob made an even more sensational foray at 2:10 A.M. on July 2, 1937. Decked out in some $75,000 worth of jewelry, Josephine Ogden Forrestal, wife of a banker who later was to become America's first Secretary of Defense, had spent the evening at the Persian Room of the Hotel Plaza. Unfortunately, so had Lady Finger.

In the Forrestal party were Prince Frederick von und zu Lichtenstein and Richard B. Hall, wealthy stockbroker, who subsequently offered to escort Mrs. Forrestal home in his limousine. Mrs. Forrestal was wearing a sunburst with a 27½-carat emerald, used as a brooch; a 2½-inch platinum bracelet with diamonds, two platinum rings with a large emerald, and numerous smaller diamonds.

Madame, sipping champagne near-by, made her invaluable contribution to the job—the stabbing-eye appraisal which assured her the jewels were worth the game, a casual powder-room eavesdropping to learn Mrs. Forrestal's destination, and a brief phone call.

The Hall limousine glided eastward through deserted midtown, toward the Forrestal home on exclusive Beekman Place. Shortly before it arrived, a blue sedan parked two doors away in front of the home of actress Katharine Cornell.

A private watchman was on the

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alert. "You'll have to move on," he told the six men inside.

"Okay," they reassured him. "We're going in a minute."

Just then the limousine pulled up, and four of the men swarmed over to it. One trained a gun on the chauffeur; another climbed in beside him. Two more forced their way into the rear seat. The watchman, previously denied the use of a pistol, was helpless.

"What is this?" Mrs. Forrestal demanded.

"It's a stickup," said a man in gray suit and gray fedora. "Hurry up, sister! Hand over your jewelry."

As she hesitated, he brutally twisted her arm, and she had to comply. His companion searched Hall's right trouser pocket, found nothing, and was about to empty the left pocket (where the broker was carrying $700 in cash) when a lookout interrupted with an impatient: "Hurry up, Joe!"

Then they vanished, and the only apparent clue was the fact that the watchman had gotten a good long look at one of them. But he could not identify any suspects out of the vast collection of scowling faces in the Rogue's Gallery.

POLICE, FIGHTING with every weapon at their command, enlarged the Night Club Squad with almost 100 detectives familiar with the faces of known jewel thieves. Among those who bore the brunt of this tedious sleuthing was big, clever Thomas Tunney, brother of Gene Tunney, an officer with a remarkable memory for faces.

But stickups continued. The getaway was always slickly professional, and the back trail fanned out confusingly into the night entertainment world.

Eight months after the Forrestal holdup came the climax of the Madame's career, both in loot and brutality—and in costly daring for the Madame herself.

On Saturday night, March 27, 1938, Sally Milgrim, the dress designer, visited several gay spots with her husband, Charles, a wealthy dress executive. It was about 4:30 A.M. when they returned to their Long Island mansion, set far back from a country road in wealthy Nassau County.

The Milgrims were still asleep at 8:30 A.M. when four men, wearing handkerchiefs as masks, silently appeared in the kitchen.

"Take us up to Sally Milgrim's room," they ordered the houseman.

Husband and wife were routed out of bed. "Where's the big ring?" the leader demanded. Mrs. Milgrim replied that it had been put away in a vault.

"We know better," the leader told her. "You had it on last night, and you came right home."

Mrs. Milgrim and her husband refused to talk. Ignoring them, the masked men quickly roused the two Milgrim children and herded them into the master bedroom, along with their governess and the houseman. All were trussed with neckties, and again the leader demanded: "Are you going to tell us where the ring is?"

When Milgrim shook his head obstinately, a right to the jaw floored him. Two of the men held him down while the others casually lit cigarettes. Then slowly, calmly, they crushed the red-hot tips against Milgrim's bare feet. Mrs.

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Milgrim screamed. "Shut up!" the leader commanded roughly, pulling out a handkerchief. "If you don't keep quiet, we'll chloroform all of you." Significantly, he crumpled the handkerchief.

Milgrim stood the torture as long as he could and then said weakly, "Go ahead, Sally. Give it to them."

Mrs. Milgrim pointed to a dresser on which lay a long evening glove. Stuffed inside was "the big ring," a $50,000 marquise diamond flanked by two baguette diamonds set in platinum.

A little less brutally, the leader remarked, "That's just a starter."

From jewel boxes and dresser drawers, as though he knew what he was looking for, he also took two diamond-set platinum bracelets worth $15,000; a platinum brooch with diamonds, valued at $7,500; a man's $20,000 diamond-emerald ring; a man's $500 gold wrist watch, and $1,700 in cash. In all, the loot came to $94,700.

Then the mob clipped the phone wires and, an hour and a quarter after their arrival, they had vanished. It was some time before the houseman wriggled loose and drove to police headquarters.

Hopeless as it seemed, detectives patiently questioned and requestioned the badly shaken Milgrim family. They also trudged from door to door through the sprawling neighborhood, seeking a description of the getaway car.

At last, Madame's bravado had betrayed her. On the morning of the holdup, several persons recalled, a blue sedan had been parked outside the Milgrim estate with a lone occupant—a woman. There was only one conclusion, startling as it seemed: the long-sought finger must be a woman!

Little by little, the net began to tighten around Madame Lady Finger. First, two of her accomplices were recognized from Rogue's Gallery photographs by the Milgrims. They were "Little Moe" Auswaks, a dapper 5-foot-3-inch desperado, and nervous Hendryk Reszka, both of whom had broken out of prison the day after Christmas in 1937.

The detectives still didn't know Lady Finger's real identity, but now they knew two men who certainly did, and the hunt for Auswaks and Reszka was pressed throughout the East. They finally caught up with Little Moe one May night in 1939, as he shambled through the Lower East Side in a seedy disguise.

"Ha! Ha!" he protested weakly. "You fellows don't want me. I'm just a bum." They said he had better come along, anyhow.

Concentrating now on Reszka, they finally picked him up in Yonkers, just north of New York City. Then police nabbed Ruben Klansky, a former dope-seller, who once had run with Lady Finger. Little Moe was a clam, but the other two began to weaken under grilling.

The Madame had been foolhardy to work with such characters, and now, in her arrogance, she again pressed her luck too far. While Reszka and Klansky were beginning to talk, she appeared at a night club and, unfortunately for her, was seated only a few tables away from Detective Tunney.

Tunney glanced absently at her, looked away, and then studied her more carefully. "She looks familiar," he told his partner. He studied

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her again and snapped his fingers. Now he knew who she was. Under the alias of Dolly Turner, she had once been arrested as a shoplifter.

That did it. At 4 A.M. on Election Day, 1939, Madame was arrested in her West 54th Street apartment; and several other suspects were taken into custody at the same time.

When Lady Finger came to trial in October, 1940, not one but three put the finger on *her*. Klansky swore she had made the phone call that set the $75,000 Forrestal holdup in motion. Reszka testified that she had bragged how she "took" Mrs. Forrestal; and a convict brought down from prison related that Joseph Weiss, one of her co-defendants, also had boasted about the Forrestal robbery. Her other co-defendant, Michael Lomars, was positively identified by the private watchman as having been at the Beekman Place holdup scene.

The jury brought in the same verdict for all three: *Guilty as charged.*

Once again, Lady Finger's platinum nerves—or her arrogance—stood by her. Lomars collapsed and blubbered for mercy when Judge James G. Wallace sentenced him to 10 to 20 years in prison. "It's a frameup!" Weiss cried when he received 30 to 60 years.

But Lady Finger played her role in the grand manner to the end. She wouldn't even admit she had ever been arrested before, though her police record indicated at least five arrests. The point was critically important because if just one felony conviction could be shown, she would have to get 30 to 60 years as a second offender.

It took almost six months before the legal tangle was resolved in her favor. It did her little good. Judge Wallace meted out a sentence of 10 to 30 years.

Not so arrogant now, she was hurried from the courtroom, while Judge Wallace delivered about the kindest words that anyone could say of this beautiful, dangerous thief. "She's no geranium," he said, "and her absence from the public scene will not be missed."

Prices! Prices! Prices!

A MAN WHO had eaten lunch at the same cafeteria for 17 years was irked at the way prices in the place were expanding, while portions continued to shrink.

One day he scowled down at his tray and said to the girl who had served him three miraculously thin slices of roast beef, "Lady, do you guarantee these to fit any standard safety razor?" —CLIFF WALTERS

OLD-TIMERS REMEMBER when a porterhouse steak was the cheapest remedy for a black eye.

WHAT THIS COUNTRY needs right now is the Spirit of '76—and the prices of '36. —*Wall Street Journal*

NO WONDER those cows are contented—just look at the price of milk! —GORDON MCLENDON

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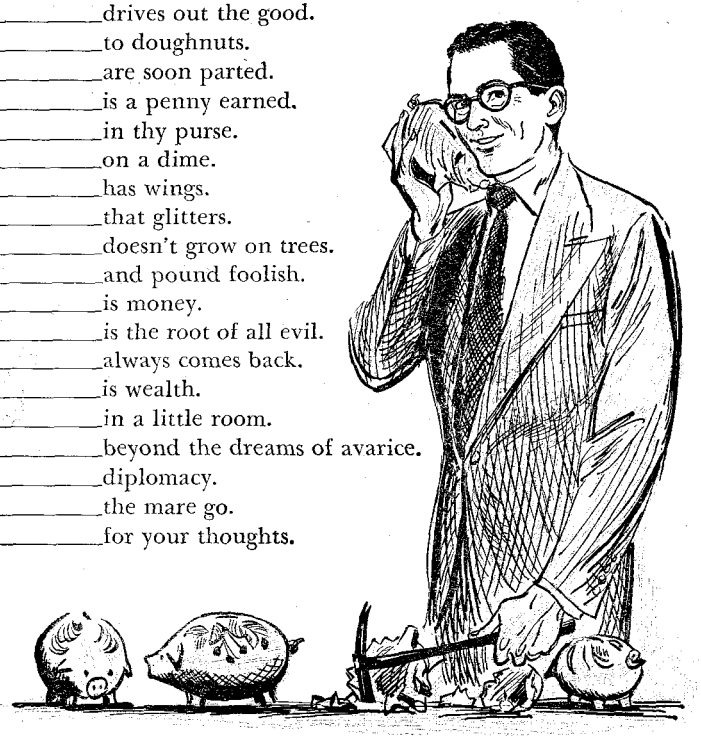
Are You Penny Wise?

Money talks—and everybody talks about money. Robert Q. Lewis, host of "The Show Goes On" (CBS-TV, Thursdays, 8.30 to 9 P.M., EDT), challenges you to use your head on the following twenty expressions. These familiar statements refer to money or wealth, and you can get rich quick by supplying the missing words. Crediting yourself $5 for each correct answer, an income of $90 or more is excellent; $75 to $90 is good; under $75 shows that you should learn how to coin a phrase. (Answers on page 141.)

1. _____ and let the credit go.
2. _____ drives out the good.
3. _____ to doughnuts.
4. _____ are soon parted.
5. _____ is a penny earned.
6. _____ in thy purse.
7. _____ on a dime.
8. _____ has wings.
9. _____ that glitters.
10. _____ doesn't grow on trees.
11. _____ and pound foolish.
12. _____ is money.
13. _____ is the root of all evil.
14. _____ always comes back.
15. _____ is wealth.
16. _____ in a little room.
17. _____ beyond the dreams of avarice.
18. _____ diplomacy.
19. _____ the mare go.
20. _____ for your thoughts.



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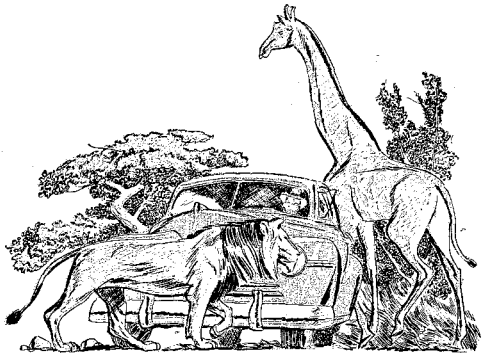
Jungle Zoo Without a Cage



by JOHN BARKHAM

In the world's greatest game sanctuary, the most ferocious beasts roam freely

THE CAR CAME jouncing down the road and headed for a curve. As the driver swung around, he jammed his brakes and squealed to a halt. The lion squatting in the middle of the road opened a lazy eye and swished his tail. But he didn't move—nor could the car.

Presently the leaves rustled and a lioness, followed by two cubs, padded silently from the dun-colored bush. The lioness made for the car, sniffed at the tires, then rose on her hind legs to stare into the machine. Three of the four occupants were frozen with excitement; the fourth, a photographer from Scarsdale, New York, was whirring his camera for the finest movies he had ever made.

This was not a sequence in Hollywood, but a scene that occurs any day in South Africa's famed Kruger National Park, the greatest game sanctuary on earth. Hundreds of thousands of animals, the remnants of vast herds that once covered all Southern Africa, live in this Park as nature meant them to, unmolested by men with guns.

Here, in an area the size of Massachusetts, the immutable, blood-red law of the jungle prevails. The animals can, and do, prey on each other, but no human may prey on them. Man is merely a visitor with a pair of curious eyes.

A first trip to the Park is always a memorable experience. It lies in the semitropical Lowveld of the Transvaal, a wooded bushland 200 miles long and 40 miles wide, criss-crossed by some 1,200 miles of dirt roads. The visitor, driving from Johannesburg 286 miles away, enters the Park in late afternoon and makes one of the 13 rest camps about sundown. Half an hour later the gates are locked for the night, and none may leave or enter. In

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the African twilight that follows, the hills turn dark purple, the stars peep through the thorn trees, night settles down like a cloak. Resting in a thatch-covered hut, the visitor seems to sense the earth breathing a deep contentment.

Without warning the silence is broken by a roar that sets the whole night aquiver. Somewhere outside the camp stockade, a lion has made its kill. From lions elsewhere come answering roars, followed by the barks and yelps of hyenas and jackals awaiting their turn. Baboons chime in excitedly; angry birds fly screeching into the night.

In the morning, as the tourist drives his car through the Park, he sees lions by the roadside calmly gnawing at their kills; vast herds of antelope—perhaps 20,000 in an hour—grazing quietly or trekking across the veld. He passes a group of 18-foot giraffes nibbling at treetops; he watches hippos basking in the sun and crocodiles gliding into a pool. And everywhere, great herds of wildebeest (gnus) and sleek zebras are cropping the grass.

In an average day the visitor can see at least 50 varieties of game, birds, and reptiles. What is more, he can see them as no explorer ever did, for they are completely oblivious to his presence. It is a strange fact that animals do not associate the scent of automobiles with that of human beings. A car is merely a curious object that is neither edible nor dangerous; hence, animals ignore it—and the people inside.

Were the driver to step out, however, and stroke the kittenish cubs playing in the roadway, it would probably be the last thing he ever did, for his scent would immediately become apparent to the gamboling lions. It is this strange scent-distinction that has made the Kruger National Park the unique attraction it is.

Getting a flat tire inside the Park is dangerous business. When it happens, the best thing to do is sit tight and wait for a ranger to tow the car to the nearest camp. A man who tried to fix a flat tire some years ago learned, the dangerous way, that the Park lions weren't the tame cats they seemed to be.

He was lying on a roll of bedding, jacking up the car, when an approaching ranger called quietly: "There's a lioness looking at you—get into your car!" The tourist and the lioness leaped at the same moment. Fortunately for him, it was the bedding-roll she wanted. She dragged it off into the long grass and had a wonderful time tearing it to ribbons.

THE LION POPULATION of about 1,000 is a factor of key importance to the maintenance of the Kruger Park, for on it are based the number and well-being of all the Park's wildlife. Under jungle law, lions prey on other animals. When they increase too rapidly, some species of their prey may be in danger of disappearing. If the lions increase too slowly, the antelope may become too numerous for the grazing available. Thus the lions remain the barometer by which man helps nature maintain her delicate balance.

Apart from man, the lion fears only—the lowly porcupine. When a lion gets quills into his paws, it generally means agony and death, since hunting becomes an impossi-

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bility. But, guns and quills aside, Leo here is King—a magnificent cat—lean, lithe, and lordly. Every visitor brings back his own incredible lion story, confirmed, like as not, by his camera.

One will tell you of having waited half an hour in his car while a lion blocked the road, listening drowsily to the purr of the motor. Another will speak delightedly of a group of lions lying absurdly on their backs with their paws drooping in the air, just like tired tabbies. This writer has watched a lioness teaching her cubs to kill as Papa set off a herd of *impala* in their direction. As the targets thundered by, the cubs leaped and missed, then Mama showed how.

But danger is always present, as witness the story of Ranger Harry Wolhuter. While he was patroling the Park late one afternoon on horseback (since forbidden), a lion brought down the horse and struck the ranger a blow on the head that knocked him out. When he came to, the lion had him by the shoulder and was dragging him into the bush for dinner. Wolhuter, in great agony from the teeth in his flesh, remembered that he had a sheath knife in his belt.

What happened next is best told in the ranger's own words. "I decided to stick my knife into his heart, and so I began to feel cautiously for his shoulder. The task was difficult because, gripped as I was high up on the right shoulder, my head was pressed against the lion's mane. This necessitated reaching with my left hand, holding the knife across his chest so as to reach his left shoulder.

"However, I managed it successfully, and, knowing where his heart was, I struck him twice in quick succession with backhanded strokes. The lion let out a furious roar, and I desperately struck again, this time upwards into his throat. Blood spurted out all over me. The lion released his hold and slunk off into the darkness."

Weak from pain and loss of blood, Ranger Wolhuter dragged himself up a near-by tree, strapped himself to a branch with his belt, and waited all night until he was rescued by the morning patrol. The skin of the lion, beautifully mounted, now hangs over his fireplace.

LIONS ARE NOT the only Park animals dangerous to man. The rhinoceros and the buffalo, both of which generally keep to the thick bush, have been known to charge a car and damage it. Elephants (and remember the African elephant has never been tamed) have a playful habit of overturning cars, hence tourists are warned never to approach within 50 yards of one.

One large tusker became irritated by a car that followed him, and promptly turned and sat on its hood. Having flattened the wheels and motor, it calmly walked off into the bush without a glance at the car's terror-stricken occupants. But the best elephant story ever told came from the late Deneys Reitz who, as Minister in charge of South Africa's National Parks, knew big game as few white men of his time did.

At a dam adjoining the Park, reported Reitz, a troop of elephants were sluicing their bodies with obvious enjoyment. "Then an old bull started to squirt the sloping wall of

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the dam until he had a mud slide. He clambered out and went along the crest until he reached the top of the chute. Then, sitting on his hams, he slid down. He hit the water below with a tremendous splash and was so pleased with his performance that he began afresh.

"Before long the other elephants followed his example, each making a slide and tobogganing into the dam. They continued their game for more than an hour. Then they marched off into the bush, flapping their ears and waving their trunks in high good humor."

The Park has its snakes, poisonous and otherwise, but they keep to the deep bush and the visitor rarely sees them. Once, Ranger Wolhuter had some business with a python. Taking his dogs for a walk near his camp one morning, he saw them disappear into a clump of scrub, barking furiously.

"I saw that they had surrounded an exceptionally large python. I shot the snake, and then, on looking round to see whether all my dogs were there, discovered a fox terrier was missing. Then I noticed a suspicious bulge in the python's stomach. Thinking this might account for the dog's absence, I slit the snake open.

"There, sure enough, was my terrier. At first I thought he was dead, but in a few moments he shook himself and stood up, completely recovered!"

The Kruger Park is full of such wonders, a glimpse of the world as it might be if there were no men in it. But nothing that visitors see mystifies them so much as the complete absence of a fence or boundary of any kind around the great game sanctuary.

"Why," tourists invariably ask, "don't the animals just walk out?"

The answer is simple. Game is hunted in all areas adjoining the Park. Outside its confines, man is king, and any beast that strays is promptly shot.

"What keeps them inside," the rangers explain, "is the unseen ring of rifles all around them."

Reason Enough

THE MENTION of impassable roads was a conventional excuse for tardiness in the 1870s, just as car trouble and traffic jams are today. The old settlers tell of a backwoods couple who came into a Missouri town and asked for a marriage license, while their ten children waited outside the clerk's office. Asked why he had not attended to this formality sooner, the old man said: "Well, you see, the roads has been so turrible bad . . ." —VANCE RANDOLPH, *We Always Lie to Strangers*

Are You Penny Wise? (Answers to quiz on page 137)

1. Take the cash; 2. Bad money; 3. Dollars; 4. A fool and his money; 5. A penny saved; 6. Put money; 7. Turn; 8. Money; 9. All is not gold; 10. Money; 11. Penny wise; 12. Time; 13. The love of money; 14. A bad penny; 15. Health; 16. Infinite riches; 17. Rich; 18. Dollar; 19. Money makes; 20. A penny.

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DON'T FALL FOR PHONY HEALTH INSURANCE

by PAUL D. GREEN

An old and heartless racket is robbing Americans of some $100,000,000 a year!

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO, a woman who had worked for years in the post office of an upstate New York town complained of general weakness, upset kidneys, and other distressing symptoms. Her doctor diagnosed her ailment as severe diabetes, and recommended that she go to a hospital for immediate treatment. She took leave of absence from her job and entered the hospital. After remaining there a few weeks, she returned home.

She was advised to stay away from work for a while, but wasn't worried. The insurance company with which she had accident and health coverage would pay the hospital bill, for certain medication, and part of the doctor's fee. It would also pay her $25 a week while she was unable to work.

She put in a claim to the company, whose office was in an adjoining state. Three weeks later she got a check for $8, representing a refund of premiums, with the explanation that her condition was obviously an old one of which she must have been aware when she took out the insurance. Actually, in making application, she had signed in good faith a blanket statement that she was in good health. The ad which prompted her to buy the insurance had read that the company would take her word for it.

She wrote back, demanding that the company reconsider her claim. Receiving no reply, she consulted a lawyer, who threw up his hands when he read the policy. "You've been victimized by one of the meanest frauds in existence," he said.

Desperate, she appealed to the State Insurance Department and was advised that she had purchased highly restrictive "mail-order" insurance, on which it is almost impossible to collect benefits. This type of insurance is sold only by mail ("no agents will call on you") to people answering glowing ads in certain publications.

The Insurance Department pointed out further that her company was not licensed in New York State. Consequently, this department had no jurisdiction. If she brought suit, she would have legal expenses to pay. At best, she might collect a few dollars. In despair, the woman gave up.

The sale of spurious health insurance is an old racket. It has spread so widely that the Federal

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Girls

—married or single

—social or studious —at home or with a job

You all know how easily everything can go wrong with your usual sanitary protection. You may put on a dress that's too clinging or find yourself again and again in crowded places with constant fear of "offending." No wonder you get jittery beforehand. No wonder the afterthoughts are unpleasant. Yes, it's no exaggeration to say "your whole month is spoiled."

But Tampax is so different! It *cannot* cause a bulge or edge-line beneath the sheerest, snuggest fabric. It banishes the discomforts of pins, belts and external pads. And finally, Tampax causes no odor, thus removing the danger of offending . . . Tampax performs all these miracles because it is worn *internally*. (It is so small that a whole month's average supply may be carried in an ordinary purse!)

Made of pure surgical cotton contained in slender one-time-use applicators, Tampax is a marvel of efficiency and comfort. You cannot feel it when in place and it is readily disposable. At drug and notion counters in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super, Junior. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

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Trade Commission last year issued a set of rules relating to the advertising and promotion of mail-order insurance. These are based on the most flagrant catch clauses by which companies weasel out of paying benefits, and are aimed at preventing publication of misleading advertisements. A large percentage of mail-order companies subscribed to these rules, and have agreed to police their own industry. But meanwhile, millions of people are already paying high premiums on virtually worthless insurance.

To help you identify this type of insurance, consider again the case of the post-office employee. She had bought a policy after reading an ad which went something like this:

SICKNESS OR ACCIDENT?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT MONEY
THE SERIES XYZ POLICY
PAYS EVERYTHING

"We pay $100 a month for sickness, and $100 Emergency Benefit. COST TO YOU, ONLY 3C A DAY."

This included lump-sum payments for the loss of one or two eyes, arms, or legs, benefits of $2,500 in case of fatal accident, and a detailed schedule of payments for specific operations.

What a bargain! And why not? The company knew, thanks to several carefully worded clauses in its policies, that it was protected against paying most claims.

IT IS DIFFICULT to estimate the extent of this traffic in heartbreak. In New York State alone, in one year, the Insurance Department handled 318 complaints. It is estimated that the loss to citizens of the state is a staggering $10,000,000 yearly. The loss all over the nation may well run to $100,000,000.

Farmers and farm-helpers are common victims in California. One San Joaquin Valley grape grower, in a lull between crops, overhauled his tractors, sprayers, and wagons. While doing so, he sliced off two fingers of one hand. He tried to collect medical costs on an accident and health policy, but the company got out of their liability by leaning on the crutch which said: "The farmer must be actively engaged in farming at the time."

And so the reports come, from all parts of the U. S.—and all alike. Who knows, you may have bought mail-order disability insurance, unaware of trick clauses. It may save you money and anguish to check the new FTC rules against your policy or one you may buy.

Diseases. The policies list 50-odd diseases and ailments for which you may collect full benefits. All others, if not excluded altogether, are grouped into one general category, paying $25 for only one month. *But*—there are more tricks in such policies than the victim could possibly spot without expert advice.

The advertised "sheltering care" of the policy is watered down in the text of the contract, and further weakened by the omission of certain specified diseases, such as pneumonia, heart attack, grippe, influenza, appendicitis, and food poisoning. But if you fall victim to yellow fever or leprosy, you will get the "guaranteed high-benefit features."

Time for which benefits are paid. The ads generally read: "$100 a month, or $25 a week, is paid for the period in which you are disabled or confined to your home by illness."

A 55-year-old lumber salesman

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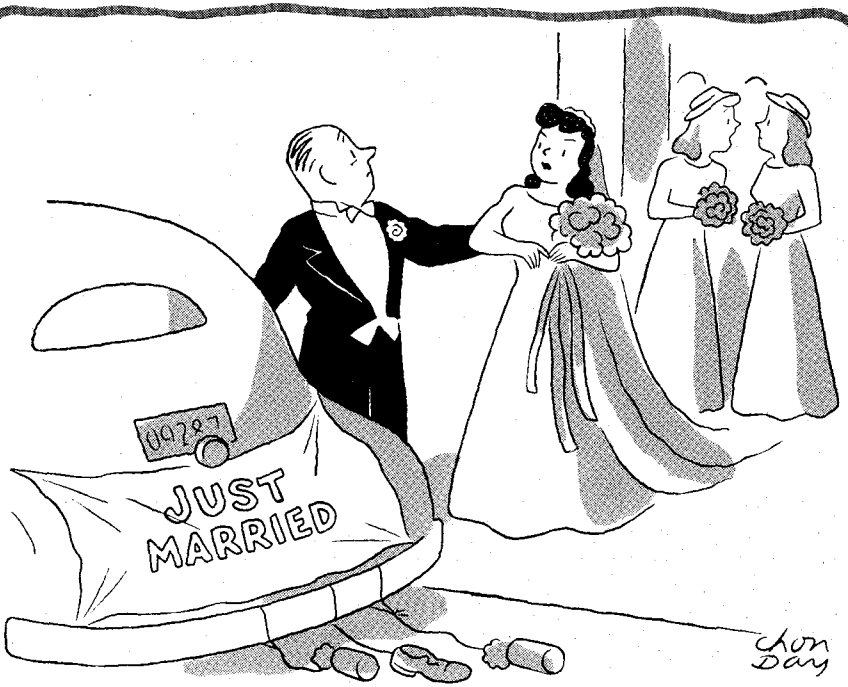

"She won't go anywhere until he gets American Express Travelers Cheques."

Honeymoons (and all trips) are carefree when your travel cash is protected by American Express Travelers Cheques. They are 100% safe . . . if they're lost, stolen, or destroyed you get a quick refund . . . and you can spend them everywhere. American Express Travelers Cheques are the *best-known* and most widely accepted cheques in the world.

Insist on American Express Travelers Cheques at BANKS, Railway Express and Western Union offices. Only 75¢ per $100.

CONVENIENT AS CASH—100% SAFE

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

EXPRESS YOUR PREFERENCE FOR THE BEST!

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in Peoria, Illinois, discovered the untruth of this statement. He spent ten weeks at home after he slipped on an icy pavement and broke his hip. When he claimed $25 a week for the maximum of ten weeks provided, he was shocked to receive a check for only $72.50.

The company justified this sum by a paragraph which explained payments: "For the first week, benefits are paid at the rate of $30 a month (or $7.50); for the second week at the rate of $60 a month (or $15); and $25 a week for the next eight weeks." Thus, for the first month's benefits, he was only entitled to $72.50, not the $100 that was advertised.

But what about the next six weeks? Another clause explained that. It stipulated that you must have a doctor visit you once a week when ill at home. Since the salesman was visited only once every two weeks after the first month, he was entitled to nothing more.

Accidents. The ads read: "Protect yourself against accidents that frequently happen while traveling, in the home, at work." Sounds all-inclusive, doesn't it?

The accident sections of these restrictive policies, however, contain more outs than a 13-inning ball game. Car accidents, the most common type, are not eligible if you are injured in a car in which you are sharing expenses for a trip. And if you are riding as a passenger in a delivery wagon, and are hurt in an accident, don't look to these holdup outfits for compensation.

Accidents while walking. If you are injured while walking along a street or highway, you can collect benefits, too, unless:

1. "You are attempting to stop a runaway vehicle or horse."

2. "You are employed on or about the conveyance." This eliminates policemen, taxicab and bus drivers, street cleaners, and the like.

3. "You are trying to get on or off, or in or out of, the vehicle."

Robbery. These "generous" policies even include a proviso that you can collect benefits for time lost due to being injured during a holdup. *But*—the burglar must be robbing you by force. This means that he must caress your skull with a blackjack or pistol. And if you happen to be shot in a wild fusillade between cops and robbers, as a customer was in a recent New York nightclub holdup, you can't collect.

Finally, if you are involved in an accident not covered in any of the above categories, such as slipping down the ice-covered steps of your house, you can collect the grand sum of $25 for one month only.

Death Benefits. Most of these accident policies include death benefits of $2,500 or more, in case your demise is the result of an accident. But last winter a Chicago salesman slipped off a bus and broke his hip and both legs. It was a miserable day, and he lay in the open for some time before he was put into an ambulance. He developed pneumonia and lingered for 18 days before he died.

His distraught widow thought she was entitled to the $2,500 which his policy called for. But a clever clause canceled her claim. It read:

"Death has to occur within 15 days of the accident."

If you already own accident and health insurance purchased through the mail from companies *with which*

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want your hair to glow, like this?...

dollar quality giant jar 69¢

The shampoo that promises soft, radiant loveliness—or your money back. Why pay a dollar? Guaranteed by Helene Curtis—foremost name in hair beauty.

Helene Curtis
CREME SHAMPOO

large size tube, 49¢

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you are not familiar, or are contemplating purchasing any, you should do the following:

1. Make sure you are dealing with a well-established company in good standing. Check with the State Insurance Department, whose main office is in the capital.

2. For further assurance, check with your Better Business Bureau to see if justified complaints have ever been made against the company.

3. Read, and be sure you understand, the policy you buy. Check it with this article to see if it contains any loopholes.

4. Remember that these safeguards apply only when you buy insurance as an individual. If you join a group program (for example, through your employer), it is his responsibility to check the policy

If you follow this advice, the chances are you won't waste your money on worthless insurance. When you buy a gyp policy, you are really worse off than if you had no insurance at all.

Such Interesting People

REPORTERS visiting a certain Senatorial office not long ago were startled when the legislator suddenly burst out of his sanctum and demanded of his secretary:

"Where's that list of people I call by their first names?"

—*Pathfinder*

ROY HOWARD, intent upon adding a certain Midwestern daily to the Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers, encountered an owner who proved to be just as tough a trader as he.

Howard went up to $640,000, which he declared was "tops." The owner of the paper held out for $650,000. Finally, Howard proposed to toss a coin for the odd ten thousand. The owner, against his better judgment, managed a strangled sort of "O.K."

Howard took a shiny new quarter from his pocket, handed it to the owner, and said, "You flip. Tails it's $650,000."

The coin came up tails. The owner gulped, pocketed the coin, and rushed out for a double Scotch.

Howard didn't say a word for a full minute, then suddenly began to cuss. "Calm yourself, boss," said an associate. "After all, the toss was your idea."

"It isn't that," spluttered Howard. "He walked off with my quarter." —BENNETT CERF, *Laughter, Inc.* (*Garden City Books*)

OLD BOSTON SOCIETY was well known for its dislike of vulgar publicity. One newspaper, however, the Boston *Evening Transcript*, was held in such high esteem that its representatives were welcome in even the most blue-blooded of Back Bay homes.

An illustration of the paper's prestige was given when the dignified butler of a crusty old Bostonian entered the drawing room one day and announced: "Sir, there are several reporters and a gentleman from the *Transcript* to see you." —WALTER FREEMAN

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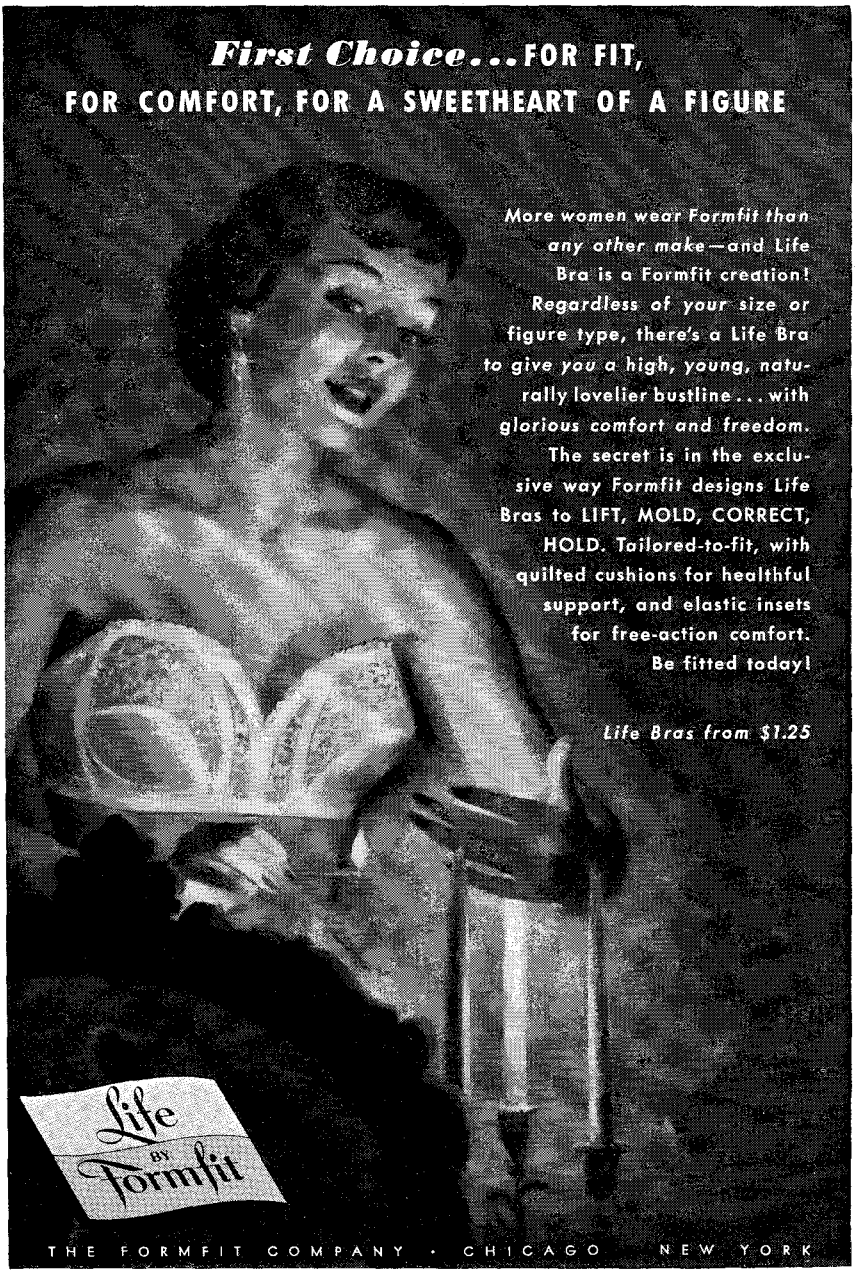
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More women wear Formfit than any other make—and Life Bra is a Formfit creation! Regardless of your size or figure type, there's a Life Bra to give you a high, young, naturally lovelier bustline... with glorious comfort and freedom. The secret is in the exclusive way Formfit designs Life Bras to LIFT, MOLD, CORRECT, HOLD. Tailored-to-fit, with quilted cushions for healthful support, and elastic insets for free-action comfort. Be fitted today!
Life Bras from $1.25
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New York's Oddest Millionaires

by THOMAS CONWAY

To the very end, the Wendels resisted progress and held on greedily to their riches

UP UNTIL 1934, on the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and 39th Street in New York City, stood a Victorian brownstone mansion famous in plays, movies, and newspapers as "The House of Mystery."

Here, bitterly resisting progress to the end—without telephone, radio, electricity above the servants' floor, without relatives, friends, or callers—lived the Wendels, strangest family of millionaires in Manhattan's history.

Their mansion, last private residence on Fifth Avenue between 12th and 47th Streets, took up $3,000,000 worth of land and cost the family $500 daily in taxes and lost interest. The house itself was assessed at a mere $6,000, but so long as a Wendel lived to stem the uptown march of progress, it never was sold.

With its great front door nailed fast, faded curtains drawn against the passers-by, it was the ghost of a once-happy home—"The House Without Children," for the brother and all seven sisters denied not only progress but nature as well.

Because they feared that in-laws, and especially unwanted children, would split up their $100,000,000 after they themselves had trooped down from their private top-floor classroom to adulthood, no children enlivened that great mansion.

Except for a strong love for land and pelts, the founding Wendel, John Gottlieb Matthias Wendel, had seemed normal enough. A shrewd German immigrant who came to New York in the late 1700s, he married Elizabeth Astor, sister of John Jacob Astor and herself a recent arrival from Germany. Together the two newcomers worked hard amassing furs and lands.

Like so many immigrants' sons,

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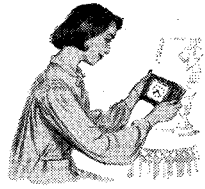
Automatic as Sunrise!



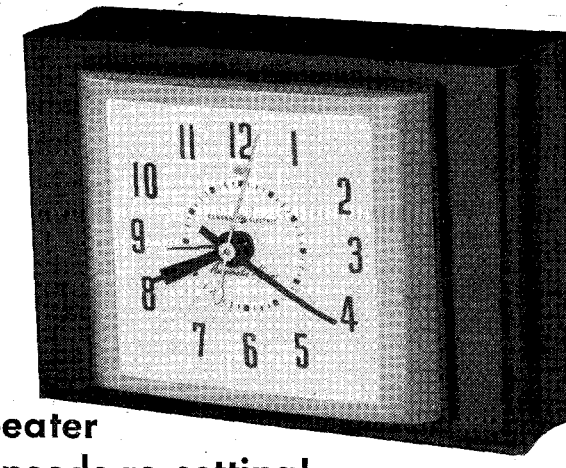
Set the alarm just *once* . . .

No more "I-forgot-to-set-the-alarm" woes for you! Set the dependable General Electric alarm *once*—and *only* once!

and wake up on time *every morning!*

At the same time every morning the Repeater wakes you. There's a shut-off lever for week-end late sleepers.

G-E REPEATER
Only
$8.95*
Plus tax



New G-E Repeater alarm never needs re-setting!

THIS INGENIOUS G-E CLOCK puts an *end* to absent-mindedness. No more sudden shocks in the morning to find you've overslept because the alarm wasn't set. Beautiful design—modern mahogany case.

Consider, too, these wonderful advantages: **1.** No winding! **2.** Quiet! **3.** Dependable! **4.** Accurate! *Price and specifications subject to change without notice.

Why wind a clock today? Get a General Electric clock and forget it!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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their only child to reach maturity was a scholar and a gentleman. College graduate, world traveler—and a good judge of Manhattan realty to boot—John Daniel Wendel advanced the family in wealth and social position.

Held land would yield immense profits as the city burgeoned northward, he decided, and in late life he even laid down the rule that Wendel property was never to be sold.

John married Mary Ann Dew, granddaughter of the Revolutionary General, Tobias E. Stansbury. The couple had eight children—the cursed generation—who looked forward so assuredly to a happy future and ended up so miserably through the Wendel lust for land.

GO BACK IN TIME to Little Old New York of the 1850s. Tonight the splendid new Wendel mansion at 442 Fifth Avenue, way uptown among the cow pastures, is being thrown open for its housewarming.

A hundred gaslights warm its treasures, and some hundred of New York's elite, Peter Cooper and young John Jacob Astor included, walk over tile floors, ascend the hand-carved grand staircase of natural oak, admire the varicolored marble mantelpieces. There is rich mahogany in the parlor, a feudal-length walnut table in the dining room, upstairs the biggest bathroom and tub in New York—in all, 40 rooms jampacked with elegance.

In age, the Wendel children at this time range from baby Ella Virginia von Echtzel Wendel, only three, up to John Gottlieb Wendel, 21 now, mustachioed and a bit dashing, recently graduated from Columbia and impatient to be off for further fun or study at Heidelberg.

Four of the girls we see but faintly and then they fade forever. They are Henrietta Dorothea, oldest, who will be the first to die; Mary Eliza Astor, the fussy one, who lives long but achieves no distinction; soon-to-be-forgotten Auguste Antonia, who will spend years in a Pennsylvania asylum, and gentle, pale Josephine Jane. Pathetic, love-hungry Miss Josie! She is the sweetest one, the one who so wants children and ends up living alone, with dream children playing about her.

There are still two more sisters, vital and forceful: Rebecca Antoinette Dew, best-looking of all; and gay, witty, ill-starred Miss Georgie (Georgiana Geisse Reid Wendel).

You skip ahead down the long, empty years while suppressed nature turns the Wendels into crotchety eccentrics.

Being a man in a Victorian world, John Gottlieb Wendel, the brother, stood it best. He was able to spend the Civil War years in comfort abroad, dallying over his unrealized dreams of a diplomatic career.

In November, 1876, John Daniel Wendel died at 76. No longer young or publicly ambitious, John Gottlieb took over the family lands. In his dusty office on lower Broadway, he put a sign atop his old iron safe: "No property for sale."

John was a strange man. Immensely cultured, he liked to write dinner invitations in Latin. A good horseman, hunter, deep-sea fisherman, he was rarely sick, and yet, as he aged so cantankerously, he carried an umbrella, rain or shine, every day in the year.

One of the city's biggest single landlords, John Wendel never mar-

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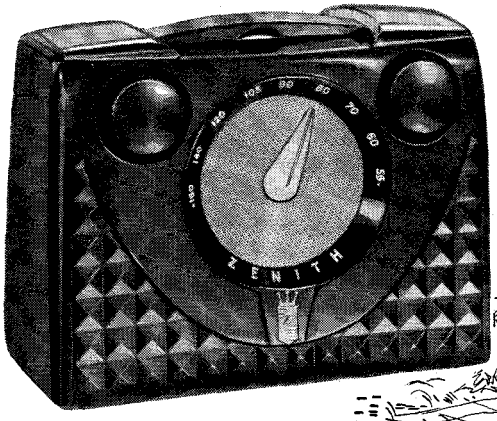
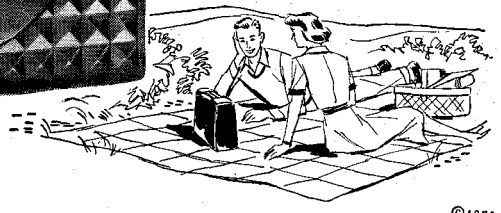
NEW Portable Radio Masterpiece!

Zenith Quality

Built for the Critical Years Ahead



Remember—the portable radio you buy now may not be replaceable for years! Zenith—world leader in portables—brings you new, far-advanced performance plus Quality You Can Trust for trouble-free years of pleasure!



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New Zenith 3-Way Portable

The Zenith® "401," with brand new DialSpeaker design and tone circuits that bring a new revelation in tone richness and volume—outdoors or in any room! Works on AC, DC, Battery. Maroon or grey plastic cabinet.

ZENITH
«LONG DISTANCE» RADIO and TELEVISION
THE ROYALTY OF RADIO AND TELEVISION

Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Illinois • Over 30 Years of "Know-How" in Radionics® Exclusively • Also Makers of Fine Hearing Aids

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ried and only once, so far as we know, was he even slightly tempted. In his 50s, he began courting a brown-haired, 16-year-old beauty, daughter of a family friend, with diamonds and rubies from Tiffany's. The courtship, if it was that, dragged on almost ten years, and at last the girl fled to Europe and married another man.

John Gottlieb Wendel never bothered himself with church or organized charity, any more than he bothered with society, politics, or civic work. But though legend still has it that he was a miser, he gave a friend, Adolph Giobbe, free use of a lot at 38th Street and Seventh Avenue, worth thousands, for a flower garden. On West Broadway, he walled in another tract as a playground for tenement children.

At 442 Fifth Avenue, John kept chickens until the Union League Club across the street objected, and, to the Club's distress, he had the family wash hung out every Monday. When real-estate men pestered him with offers of as much as $6,000,000 for 442, he would say, with apparent solemnity, that Miss Ella's white poodle needed the yard for exercise.

Business-wise, this last male Wendel was both farseeing and shortsighted. He correctly read Manhattan's future: "New York's business section will keep moving north from year to year." That meant the almost 175 scattered Wendel parcels of land would yearly become more valuable, and so he held, *held.*

Strange, contradictory man! Year after year, he wore the same straw hat, and yet he imported cloth by the bolt so no one could duplicate the pattern of his shapeless tweeds. In essence, John wanted his own way, and he was rich enough to get it. Like his father before him, he willed it that anything Wendel was Wendel forever —land, money, or women.

As for dissipation of the estate by romance and marriage, old John Daniel Wendel had warned the girls against fortune hunters, and brother John Gottlieb bluntly discouraged all potential suitors.

Worse, he was responsible for the fact that they always wore the round sailor hats of the '60s and '70s, the old-fashioned, full-skirted black dresses, which they made themselves without the aid of sewing machines.

Thus, he ruled the petticoats—or almost. Miss Becky did at last defy him and, at 60, married Luther A. Swope, who had tutored the children of the "400." But there still was one sister he had to handle—Miss Georgie, clever, intense, attractive to men—"the black ewe" of the family, as they had called her in girlhood. Miss Georgie had a mind of her own, and she was courageous enough to pit it against her brother's will. Alas! It was an unsound mind.

Her mother's death in 1893, when Miss Georgie was 41, had affected her deeply, and she began to hate 442 Fifth, to suffer "spells" or "attacks." Finally, she became so unrestrainable at the old Park Avenue Hotel, where she was often a guest, that she was removed to Bellevue Hospital for observation.

Now there was wild reading for the newspaper public! Her brother put her in a "home," and twice subjected her to lunacy hearings.

In 1906, Miss Georgie disappeared in Europe and later was

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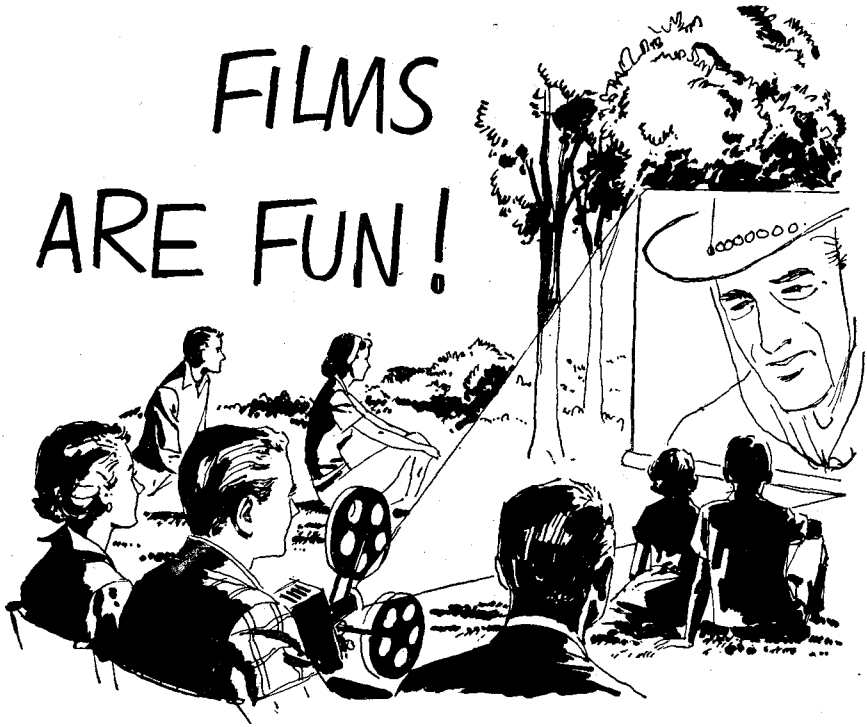
Whether at a summer camp or on maneuvers . . .
Whether at a summer resort or in an industrial cafeteria . . .

FILMS ARE FUN!



16mm sound-films are the perfect way to entertain *any group . . . any time!*

Compact, easily portable equipment makes it possible to show 16mm movies under the most difficult circumstances. And top-quality Hollywood films, with stars like Bing Crosby, Clark Gable, Cary Grant, Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne, Joe E. Brown, Rosalind Russell and America's other favorites guarantee the audience's enjoyment.

Best of all, 16mm films are economical . . . cost just a few pennies per person when rented from the 26 national offices of the world's largest 16mm film library—Ideal Pictures.

Whatever type of group you direct, you'll be interested in learning about the 6,000 different films available for your use. For information on how *you* may borrow these outstanding films, contact your nearest Ideal office, or

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found in a Kiel sanitarium. Again she dropped from sight, and friends thought she was living somewhere in the many rooms at 442.

After her death in 1929, it was disclosed that for almost 20 years she had been a patient in a suburban mental institution.

Much of the unsavory reputation attached to John Gottlieb Wendel, it seems today, came from Miss Georgie's neurotic cries of persecution. Perhaps he was not quite the possessive monster that she and the public considered him. And yet, when he died at 79 in California in 1914, one suggestive fact came to light: title to all the Wendel estates, even then valued at $80,000,000, had been carried in his name *alone*.

Now administration of the estates descended to Miss Becky, "The Little Old Lady of Realty Row," as the newspapers called her delightedly, and she ruled as dictatorially as he had. In fact, she quickly repaired his thoughtless "generosity" about the flower garden and the children's playground.

At last, stone-blind and 87, Miss Becky died in 1930, and only two cars of mourners were in her cortege to famous old Trinity Cemetery. Miss Ella was not among them.

At 442 Fifth, life continued in the old, stubborn way. Not a treasure from her father's time had been lost or disturbed, though all were cracked or dusty. The pipes had rusted from ornate marble washstands, the stiff green upholstery was torn, the fortune in vintage wines in the cellar spoiled.

In this midtown mausoleum, only Tobey, third poodle of the same name, brought any stir of life. At a special dog table, he gobbled liver while his mistress sat vacantly at the empty banquet board; upstairs, he slept in an adjoining twin bed.

Immensely rich and immensely lonely, Miss Ella died in 1931. The Wendel story should have ended there, but, ironically, 2,303 "relatives" and claimants demanded the $100,000,000 which had been preserved almost intact—at the sacrifice of laughter and children. John Gottlieb, who left no will because he "didn't want any lawyer making money out of the property," would have been distressed to know that some 250 collected fees from the stampede of claimants.

By 1939, it was all over. At last the Wendel millions, though they had been considerably depleted by the Depression, went almost entirely to churches, missions, hospitals, and other charities. And at last, the poor, the sick, and the young—so long ignored by the self-serving family—benefited from two centuries of Wendel greed.

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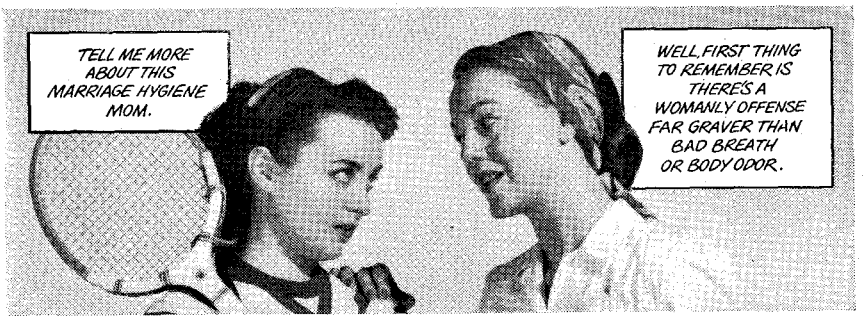
How a loving mother can easily explain to the 'Bride-to-Be'---

These Intimate Physical Facts


TELL ME MORE ABOUT THIS MARRIAGE HYGIENE MOM.
WELL, FIRST THING TO REMEMBER IS THERE'S A WOMANLY OFFENSE FAR GRAVER THAN BAD BREATH OR BODY ODOR.

No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is SO POWERFUL yet SAFE to tissues as ZONITE!

It's such a relief for a mother to be able to talk freely to her daughter about the intimate facts of life.

She will certainly tell her daughter of the importance of putting ZONITE in her fountain syringe for complete hygiene (including intimate feminine cleanliness), for her health, charm, for married happiness—and always after her periods. She will make her daughter realize there's a womanly offense graver than bad breath or body odor—an odor she seldom detects herself but is so apparent to others around her.

And an up-to-date mother will explain *why no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet safe to tissues as* ZONITE.

The ZONITE Principle Developed by a Famous Surgeon and Scientist

Modern women no longer have to use dangerous products, overstrong solutions of which may gradually cause serious damage. Nor will they want to rely on weak, homemade solutions—none of which have ZONITE's great deodorizing and germicidal action.

The ZONITE principle—developed by a famous surgeon and scientist—was the first in the world that was *powerful* enough yet positively *non-irritating, non-poisonous*. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish without the slightest risk of injury.

ZONITE'S Miracle-Action

ZONITE actually dissolves and removes odor-causing waste substances. It promptly relieves any itching or irritation. It helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract but you CAN BE SURE ZONITE *immediately* kills every reachable germ and keeps germs from multiplying. Buy ZONITE *today!* Complete douching instructions come with every bottle.

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Zonite
FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

*Offer good only in the U. S. and Canada

FREE!

For Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail coupon to Zonite Products Corp., Dept. CO-61, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.*

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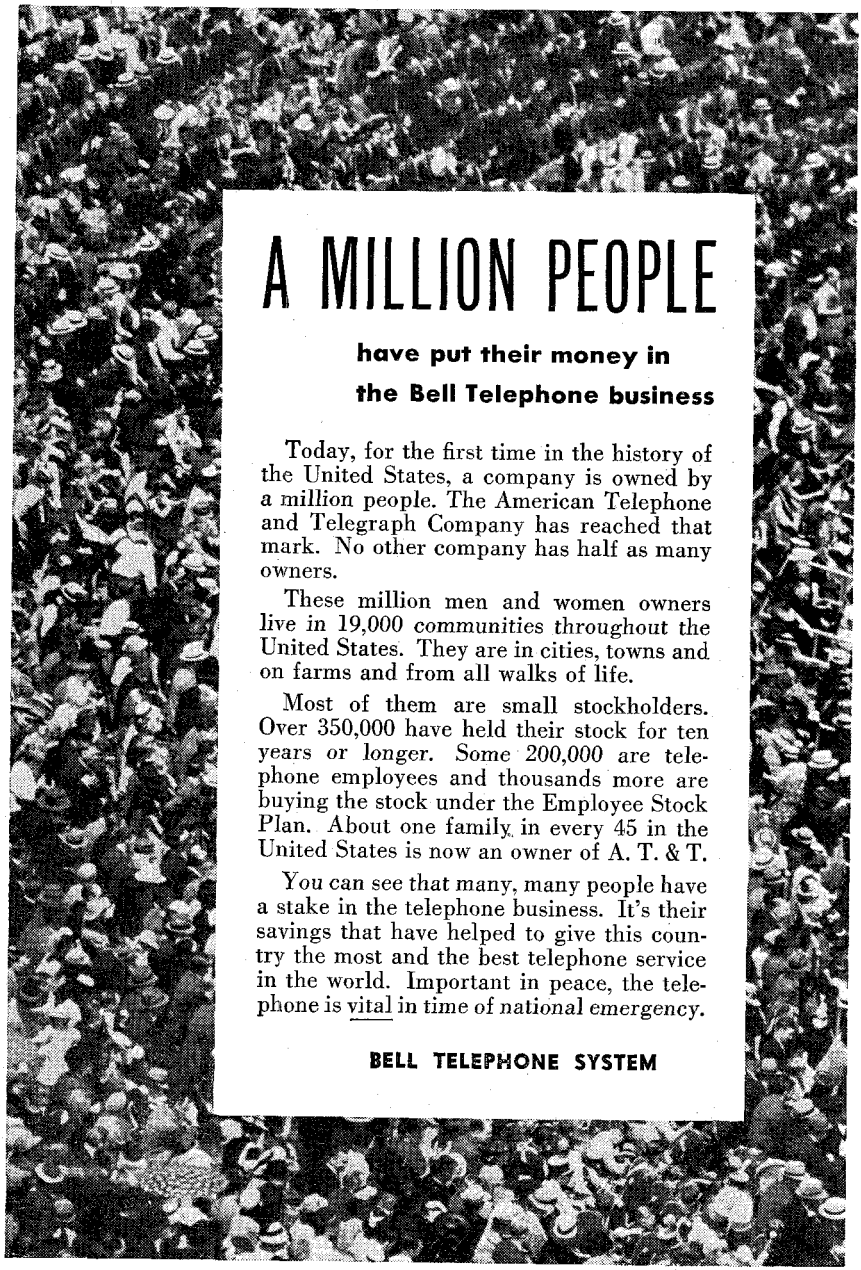

A MILLION PEOPLE

have put their money in the Bell Telephone business

Today, for the first time in the history of the United States, a company is owned by a million people. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company has reached that mark. No other company has half as many owners.

These million men and women owners live in 19,000 communities throughout the United States. They are in cities, towns and on farms and from all walks of life.

Most of them are small stockholders. Over 350,000 have held their stock for ten years or longer. Some 200,000 are telephone employees and thousands more are buying the stock under the Employee Stock Plan. About one family in every 45 in the United States is now an owner of A. T. & T.

You can see that many, many people have a stake in the telephone business. It's their savings that have helped to give this country the most and the best telephone service in the world. Important in peace, the telephone is vital in time of national emergency.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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WHEREVER YOU GO YOU'RE HEADED FOR FUN WITH . . .

Motorola Portables

Motorola Portable Radios play anywhere—on their own batteries or on house current. You'll like the dependable performance that comes from the ruggedly built chassis and shock-resistant tubes. And you'll be *proud* of the beautiful styling of the sturdy, weather-resistant cases. Make *your* choice the choice of millions . . . Motorola!

PLAYMATE, JR. Motorola's most compact portable . . . in extra-sturdy but lightweight steel cabinet! Antenna is built in cover for easiest signal pick up, best reception! Stunning maroon or green. Model 51M.

JEANNE CRAIN *starring in*
TAKE CARE OF MY LITTLE GIRL,
a 20th Century-Fox picture
Color by Technicolor

SEE YOUR CLASSIFIED DIRECTORY FOR YOUR NEAREST MOTOROLA DEALER

Specifications Subject to Change Without Notice

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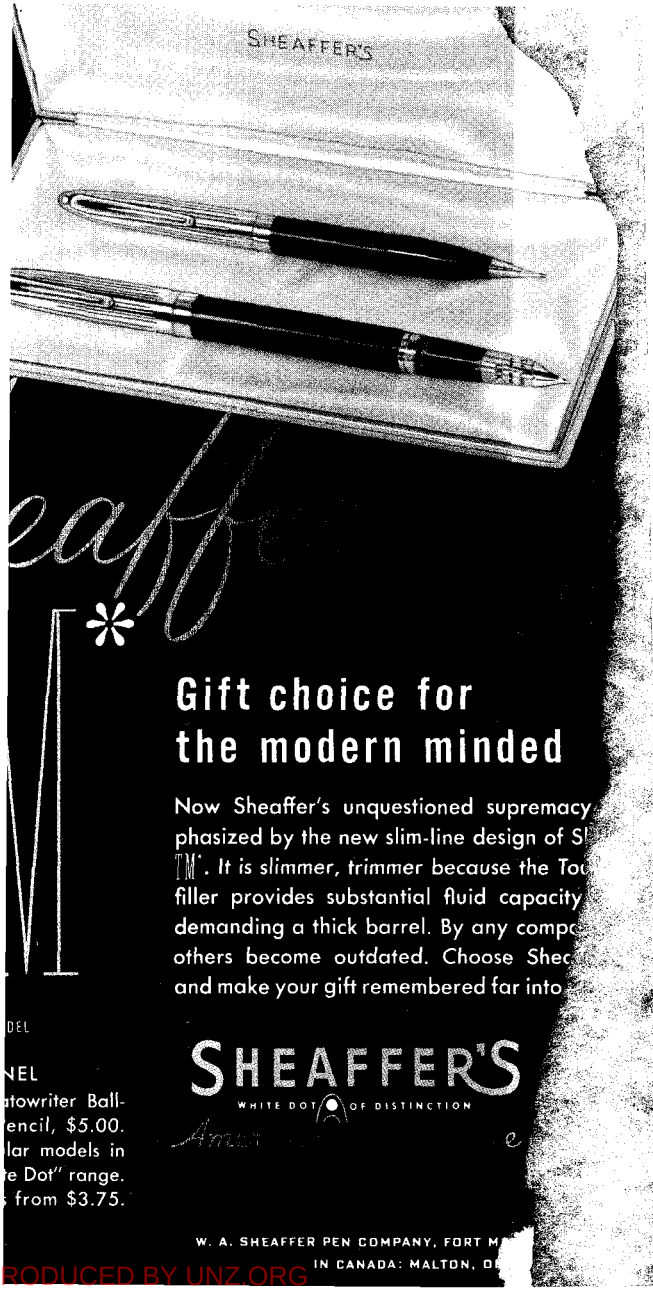

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